

SECOND EDITION

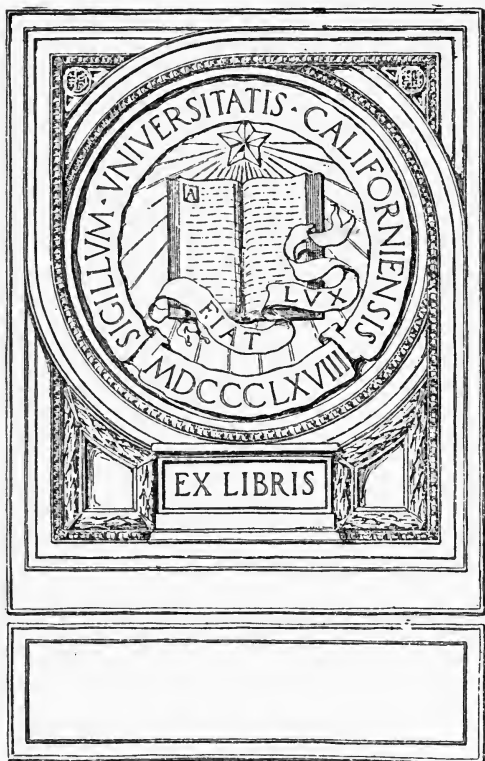
28 ILLUSTRATIONS

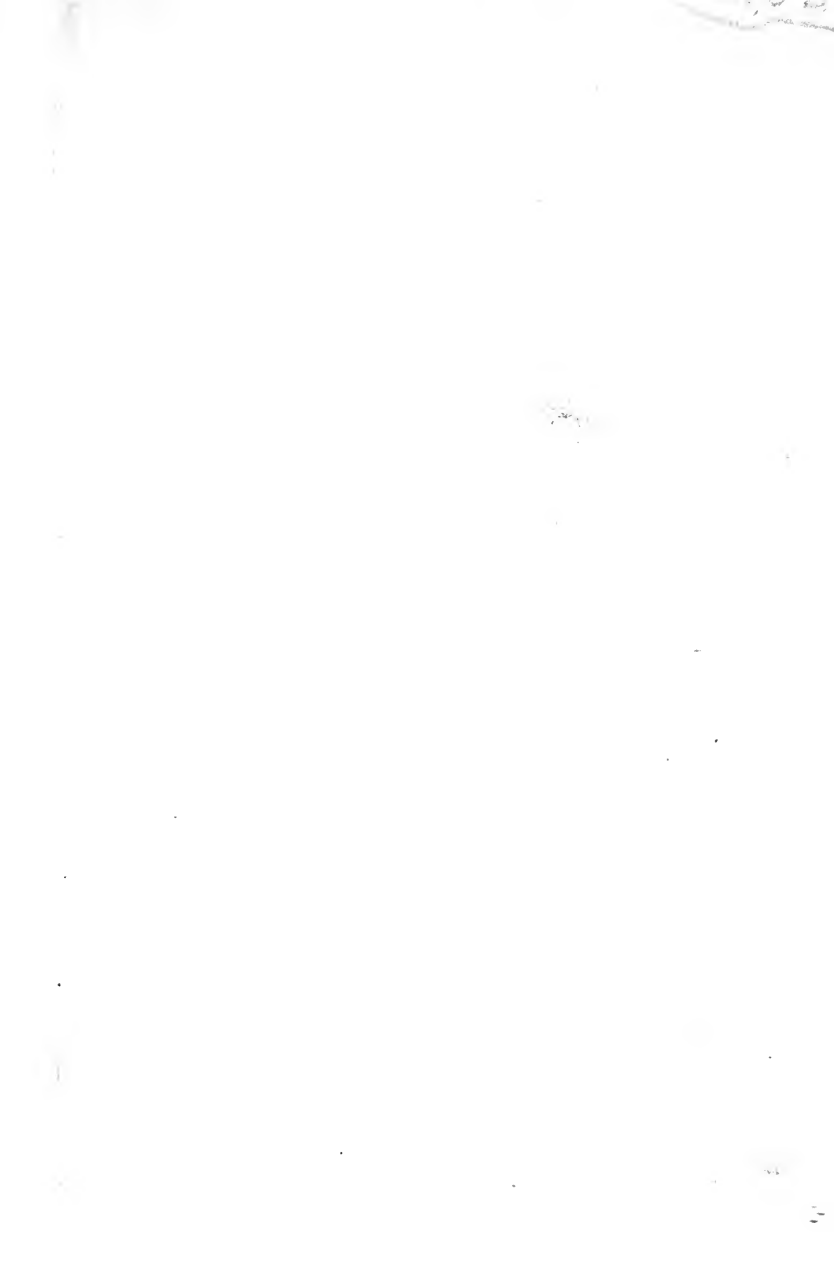
*Personal Memoirs of the
Home Life of the Late
Theodore Roosevelt*



BY ALBERT JEREN CHENEY

Includes "As a Girl Saw Theodore Roosevelt"









THEODORE ROOSEVELT

No song or praise of men can honor add to him,
Who nobly walk'd the earth, yet his own pathway trod,
Now fame holds high her torch lest weary eyes and dim,
In vain might seek to pierce death's ebon shadows grim,
And miss the radiant path he walk'd toward God.

THOMAS H. HERNDON.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.

One of the Founders of the American Legion.

From a portrait painted when Col. Roosevelt was with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. His mother, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, pronounces it an excellent picture.





Thoreau Rensselaer



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LIEUT. QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

The records of the War Department show that Quentin Roosevelt was appointed First Lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Officers Reserve Corps, on July 6, 1917; that he accepted July 7, 1917; was assigned to active duty at Fort Wood, N. Y., July 13, 1917; that he was born November 19, 1897; that he was killed in aerial combat on enemy's side, July 14, 1918, while a member of the 95th Aero Squadron, First Pursuit Group, and buried near Chambry-Marne, Grave No. 1, Commune, No. 102, Coulonges, Aisne. See page 118.





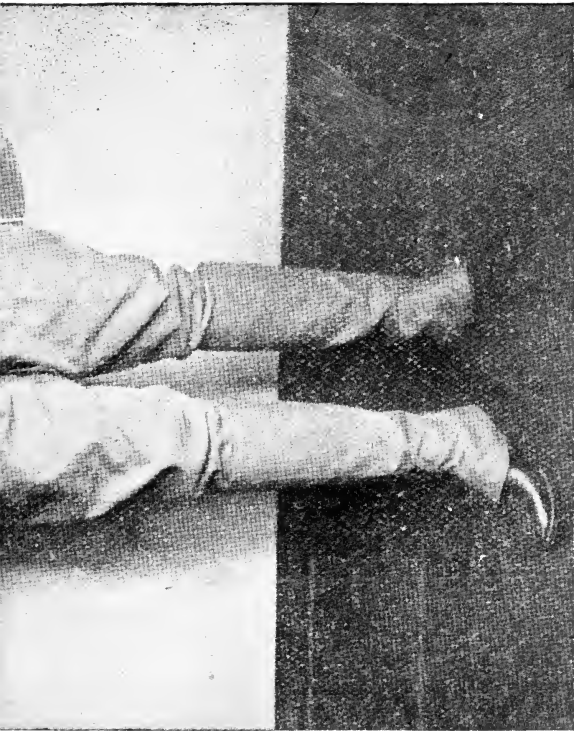


Photo by Frances Benjamin Johnston.
From "Our Patriotic President,"
Published by the Columbian Press.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
*As he appeared when Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough
Riders, wearing uniform for the first time.*



“Give every Man [and Woman] a Square Deal.”

PERSONAL MEMOIRS
OF THE
HOME LIFE
OF THE LATE
Theodore Roosevelt

*As Soldier, Governor, Vice President,
and President, in relation
to Oyster Bay*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY
ALBERT LOREN CHENEY.
Formerly Editor of the Oyster Bay Pilot

SECOND EDITION

1919
THE CHENEY PUBLISHING COMPANY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

E751



Copyright, 1919,
BY ALBERT LOREN CHENEY

TO THE PUBLIC

A share of the net proceeds received from the sale of this book will be contributed to the fund for the establishment of the proposed Roosevelt Memorial Park at Oyster Bay.

Respectfully,

THE PUBLISHER.

Washington. D. C.

October, 1919.

THIS BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE
FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
ON
GOOD OLD LONG ISLAND—ONE OF THE
GARDEN SPOTS OF AMERICA.

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FOREWORD



A. L. Cheney

(Formerly Publisher of the Oyster Bay Pilot.)

FOREWORD

“VOLUMES will be written upon the public life of Theodore Roosevelt. Volumes will be necessary to recite the story properly,” predicted the *Washington Post* at the time of Mr. Roosevelt’s sudden death.

Referring to his home life, the same newspaper, published in the National Capital where Theodore Roosevelt was so well known, said of him editorially :

Now that all men may look upon him as in the past, what virtues appear in him ! His heart was pure and good in the personal relations of his life. He cherished home, and was never happier than when in the bosom of his family. His helpmeet, always beloved in Washington, will be sustained by the thought that love and consideration were the rule in her home, securely closed to the storm of public strife. He was proud of his children, as he might well have been, and when his sons proved their valor in the great war he entered with the keenest zest into every incident of their service. The White House never more truly represented the better side of American life than when it was occupied by the Roosevelt family. Its members were all fortunate in winning the hearty affection of their Washington neighbors.

National sentiment is largely reflected by the newspapers published in the Capital of the United States. The editors may have disagreed with Mr.

Roosevelt concerning many things, but in the final accounting they gave him a "square deal," as the following extracts taken from their editorials at the time of his death, will show:

The Star: Theodore Roosevelt, judged by any standard, and on a world scale was a very remarkable man. He had great and varied gifts and employed them to high and noble ends. . . . He loved the country and wanted all nations to love it. . . . He was known wherever America is known and appraised at a commanding figure. His Americanism was as distinct and luminous as Lincoln's and will preserve his fame to late generations.

The Herald: Even his enemies, for Colonel Roosevelt made enemies, made them because he was a great man, will admit his sterling qualities and sincerity. . . . The first citizen of the Republic has passed, for Colonel Roosevelt embodied the American spirit to a higher degree than any man living. . . . His public service eclipses by far any mistakes he might have made. He was a prodigious force for American welfare and our loss will become more evident as our need for leadership looms stronger.

The Times: Theodore Roosevelt died too young, far short of the allotted span. But he had lived in one day more than many men live in a lifetime. . . . His friends find comfort in the fact that there was little, if anything, that the world failed to give him. Fortunate birth, good education, independent wealth, a field of infinite activity, the Presidency of the United States twice, and the affection of millions following him to the grave.

The historian will, of necessity, record to the minutest degree, important events entering into

the public life of Théodore Roosevelt, whose sturdy character, so deeply impressed upon the minds of the American people, will shine forth brighter and clearer as facts concerning his eventful career are unfolded around his world-honored name.

Our humble volume, however, will be confined chiefly to the compiler's personal knowledge of Theodore Roosevelt as a close friend and neighbor; but the plain, every-day story must necessarily be somewhat personal to the narrator in order to give added interest to the incidents recited, and also to prove the exact truth of the statements made, thus carefully avoiding exaggeration.

We search history to ascertain just how Napoleon, the Emperor, or the Kings and all rulers, treated the common people; and so the deeper we delve into the home record of Theodore Roosevelt, the more it is demonstrated that he was "of the people and for the people," and lived what he loved to preach: the simple life—just as Mrs. Roosevelt lives it, and just as she would have it always, by word and deed.

In order to be able to participate in the Roosevelt drive in October, it has been necessary to speed up the work on this little volume—all the

labor being done at night, after days of strenuous duties. There was no managing editor to make timely suggestions, nor alert copy reader to touch up the hastily prepared paragraphs. It was found difficult to procure desired material promptly; and there was no time for studied literary effect. Considering these adverse circumstances, it is sincerely to be hoped that our good friend, *The Critic*, will be charitable enough to pass over and excuse the defects in the book, especially as one of the purposes of its publication is to help in a good cause, thus according a "square deal" to—

THE AUTHOR.

“ROOSEVELT, THE MAN.”





“THE impress that Theodore Roosevelt’s personality has made upon the world does not need emphasis. Whatever his fame as a statesman it can never outrun his fame as a man. However widely men may differ from him in matters of national policy, this thing men in their hearts would all wish, that their sons might have within them the spirit, the will, the strength, the manliness, the Americanism, of Roosevelt. He was made of that rugged and heroic stuff with which legend delights to play. The Idylls and Sagas and the Iliads have been woven about men of his mold. We may surely expect to see developed a Roosevelt legend, a body of tales that will exalt the physical power and endurance of the man and the boldness of his spirit, his robust capacity for blunt speech, and his hearty comradeship, his live interest in all things living—these will make our boys for the long future proud that they are of his race and country.

“And no surer fame than this can come to any man—to live in the hearts of the boys of his land as one whose doings and sayings they would wish to make their own.”—*Tribute paid to the Memory of Theodore Roosevelt by the Hon. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, January 7, 1919.*

OYSTER BAY is delightfully situated on the north side of Long Island, distant one hour's ride from Manhattan and Brooklyn Boroughs. Population 6,500.

Oyster Bay has a picturesque frontage, consisting of two of the finest sheets of water in the world, known as the east bay and the west bay. Its table-lands, magnificent hills, many miles of splendid macadamized roads, romantic streets, cooling breezes and pure spring water, make it one of the greatest health resorts in America. The vital statistics of the town show a yearly death rate of only 12 in 1000.

Some of the finest and most costly residences in this country, owned by prominent men, are located in Oyster Bay.

On Centre Island is the home of the famous Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club; and many celebrated yachts anchor in the harbor.

The Oyster Bay Bank, the North Shore Bank, a fine Union High School, a Free Library, a Board of Trade, six well-supported Churches, Titus' general machine shop, Davenport's Hotel, Sagamore Hotel on the bay, the Oyster Bay Inn, an Opera House, and two weekly newspapers are among the notable institutions.

Oyster Bay is famed for its splendid drives, as well as its oysters, and fine fishing.

NOTE.—The above description of Oyster Bay was written for the Pilot by the Author fifteen years ago. Several lines have been changed to meet present day conditions.

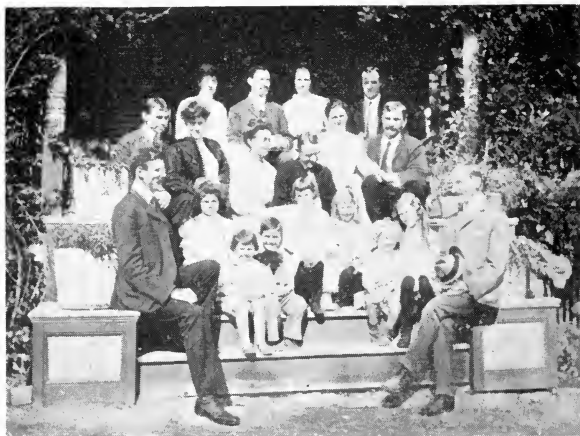


Photo by Gildersleeve.
Oyster Bay Shore Front, looking towards the Roosevelt Residence, at Sagamore Hill.



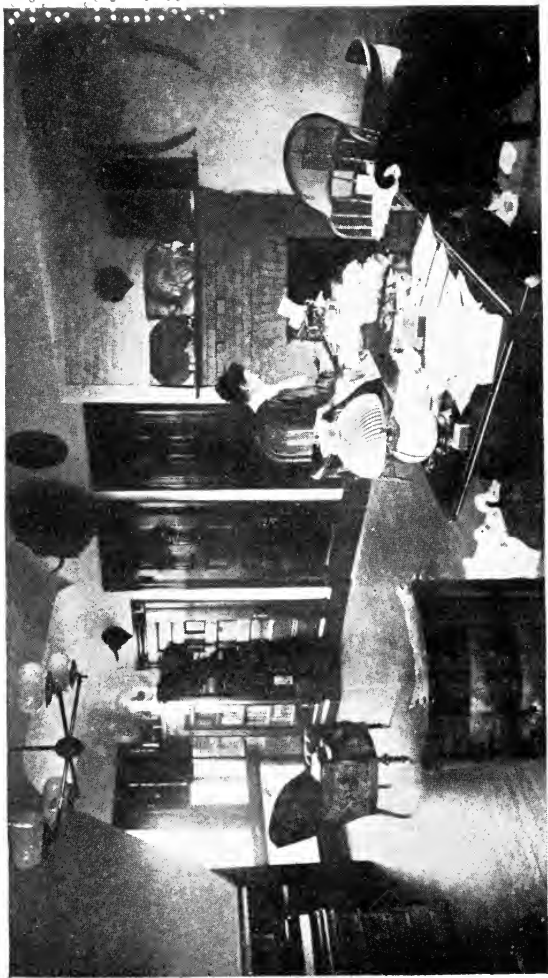
From "Our Patriotic President."

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt in Camp at Montauk, L. I.
(Giving the order to disband his regiment.)



Members of the Summer White House Executive Force at Oyster Bay in 1905, with their families.

The late B. F. Barnes, formerly postmaster of Washington, D. C., is seated on the steps in the foreground at the left of the picture and faces Elmer E. Paine, formerly of the Associated Press. M. C. Latta, who carries messages from the White House to the Capitol is seated in the last row and to the right of the picture.



"The Vacant Chair."

Colonel Roosevelt's former "Work Shop" at Sagamore Hill, known as the Gun Room.

**ROOSEVELT, THE SOLDIER, AT OYSTER
BAY**

CHAPTER I.



MY ACQUAINTANCE with Theodore Roosevelt dates from the time he arrived in Oyster Bay from San Juan, in the late summer of 1898; and his first visit to the *Pilot* office was both interesting and amusing.

I was absent at the time Mr. Roosevelt called. My wife happened to be in the editorial room when she saw a carriage stop in front of the building, and a distinguished-looking gentleman alighted, entered the office, and with gleaming teeth, and in a very slow, emphatic tone, asked to see the editor. My wife was awed at first and somewhat alarmed, thinking the gentleman had a grievance against the *Pilot*.

Mr. Roosevelt's fame and popularity had caused an enterprising toy manufacturing concern to put on the market a tin whistle in imitation of Mr.

Roosevelt's famous teeth; and the boys on the streets had been using them overtime. When the distinguished gentleman again smiled, my wife recognized him from the tin-whistle teeth, and said:

"Have I the honor of addressing Colonel Roosevelt?"

Mr. Roosevelt acknowledged his identity; and when I arrived he was seated with one foot under him, in the editor's chair, making himself very much at home. He stated his errand, and later engaged my daughter as his secretary.

THE veritable avalanche of letters showered upon Mr. Roosevelt was started by the newspapers and magazine writers after he arrived from San Juan. When word was received by the *Pilot* that Colonel Roosevelt was on his way home from Cuba via Montauk Point, the editor realized that Colonel Roosevelt was looked upon as a hero, and that a good news story was in sight. He rode around the village on a bicycle, stirred up the people, told them that their famous fellow townsman should be received with honors, and at five o'clock in the afternoon a crowd gathered at the depot.

Then it became known through a telegram received by Mrs. Roosevelt that Colonel Roosevelt had been stalled at Jamaica, L. I., and would not arrive in Oyster Bay until seven o'clock.

Everybody went home to supper and told everybody else, and at seven o'clock it seemed as though the entire population of the village had congregated around the railroad station.

A huge bonfire was lighted, and when the train arrived there was a howling, cheering mob of people to greet the Colonel who was dressed in his khaki uniform. So great was the crush that a horse near the railroad station platform was lifted from its feet and thrown bodily over on its back; the clothes were literally torn from a little girl; and hats were scattered everywhere.

Across the main street in front of the *Pilot* office hung a banner bearing the words:

WELCOME COLONEL!

When Colonel Roosevelt passed under it, he rose in his carriage, took off his hat and exclaimed:

"This is, indeed, a surprise!"

Realizing the importance of getting the story to the newspapers, the editor rushed to the depot, but the station agent was about to leave and refused

to telegraph more than twenty-five words. Boarding a train about to leave for New York, the scribe wrote a story en route, and hustled it to the office of the New York *Herald*. Taking the elevated train in New York he wrote another story and left it at the New York *Sun* office. Then he telephoned a skeleton story to the Standard News Association, which was a branch of the Associated Press. Sunday morning all the newspapers carried the story with "scare" heads, and Monday morning a dozen reporters and special writers arrived in Oyster Bay.

Colonel Roosevelt's mail was actually pouring in by the bushel from all sections of the country. He secured additional help from the village, and finally I went down to Sagamore Hill and took a hand at helping with the mail; but the Colonel was so insistent upon showing me the contents of his gun cabinet and his numerous trophies, that his secretary declared we were both more of a hindrance than a help.

One day the Colonel stood near an open window affectionately patting a Winchester rifle slung across his arm, when the window suddenly went down with a terrific crash. I jumped to one side, but the Colonel never moved a muscle, remarking

coolly that he had received worse shocks than that while going up San Juan Hill.

From this time on I was afforded innumerable opportunities to study Theodore Roosevelt from many different angles, and I always found myself coming back to first impressions, namely: that he had a powerful personality, and possessed an indefinable magnetism that drew one to him, but he would brook no undue familiarity.

VARIOUS reasons have been given as the secret of Mr. Roosevelt's remarkable hold on the public. Mr. John J. Leary, Jr., in his interesting "Conversations with Roosevelt," published in *McClure's*, says that Mr. Roosevelt's own explanation of his ability to carry a crowd with him was given in one word: "Sincerity." An acquaintance declared it was because "Roosevelt's words carried a punch"; and another, because "the Colonel always had something to say."

Col. Roosevelt was once asked by a senator why he (Roosevelt) was so popular with his soldiers.

"I do not know," responded the Colonel, "except that I always slept with my men in the trenches."

Venturing an opinion from the viewpoint of a neighbor who studied Mr. Roosevelt and his meth-

ods from close range, I believe that the basic reason for his wonderful hold upon the public was the fact that he was the greatest "mixer" among the people that this country has ever produced, or probably ever will produce. He always did the right thing at the right time. Another strong point is the fact that he never permitted a letter to go unanswered, whether it came from the King of England or from the grocer at the cross-roads.

He delighted in keeping in constant touch with the public through handclasp and correspondence, so when he appeared before a crowd he was looked upon as a personal friend, and had the hearty sympathy and entire confidence of his hearers. And when receiving visitors, he gave the same hearty consideration to his gardener at Sagamore Hill as he would accord the most prominent visitor at the White House.

Many interesting instances may be cited to demonstrate Mr. Roosevelt's cordial nature and his impulsive manner.

My sister is the widow of a veteran of the Civil War. She was asked if she would like to meet a real live President of the United States. Her reply was:

"He's only a man."

Mr. Roosevelt was asked, over the 'phone at Sagamore Hill as to whether he would receive her. His immediate response was:

"Bring the lady right up."

When she arrived, President Roosevelt brushed aside all formality, and came out on the veranda to personally greet her, exclaiming:

"Delighted my dear lady! I am proud to meet you, for you are the widow of a hero of a great war, while I only figured in a very small one."

Of course, the lady left Sagamore Hill filled with praises for Mr. Roosevelt, and she remained his ardent and life-long friend. Occurrences like these happened daily. Is it any wonder that Theodore Roosevelt had a strong hold upon the people?

At the busiest period in Mr. Roosevelt's career he found time to write to an old friend and neighbor.

The following letter, received by the author, affords another instance not only of his big-heartedness and fidelity, but further explains how he gained and retained his hold on the people:

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND,

FEBRUARY, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Cheney:—

Busy though I am, I must tell you how I appreciate your letter. Will you give my warmest regards to your daughter,

and tell her I always think of how amused she was over Archie, when Archie was a little fellow. It does me good to hear from as straight an American as you are.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Referring to his regiment in his book "The Rough Riders," Colonel Roosevelt wrote:

They were the finest fellows, and they were dead game. It was the privilege of a lifetime to have commanded such a regiment. It was a hard campaign, but they were beautiful days—and we won.

In a speech made at Charleston, S. C., April 9, 1902, President Roosevelt said of the veterans of the Civil War:

All of us, North and South, can glory alike in the valor of the men who wore the blue and of the men who wore the gray. Those were iron times, and only iron men could fight to its terrible finish the giant struggle between the hosts of Grant and Lee, the struggle that came to an end thirty-seven years ago this very day. To us of the present day, and to our children's children, the valiant deeds, the high endeavor, and abrogation of self shown in that struggle by those who took part therein, will remain for evermore to mark the level to which we in our turn must rise whenever the hour of the Nation's need may come.

The following vivid description of the battle of San Juan Hill is taken from the *New York Sun*:

When they came to the open, smooth hillside there was no protection. Bullets were raining down at them, and shot and shell from the batteries were sweeping everything. There was a moment's hesitation and then came the order: "Forward! Forward!" Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt waving his sword. Out into the open the men went, and up the hill. Death to every man seemed certain. The cracking of the Mauser rifles was continuous. Out of the brush came the riders. Up they went, with the colored troops alongside of them, not a man flinching, and forming as they ran. Roosevelt was a hundred feet in the lead. Up, up they went in the face of death, men dropping from the ranks at every step. The Rough Riders acted like veterans. It was an inspiring sight and an awful one. . . . Men dropped faster and faster but others took their places. Roosevelt sat erect on his horse holding his sword and shouting for his men to follow him. Finally his horse was shot from under him, but he landed on his feet and continued calling for his men to advance. He charged up the hill afoot. . . . At last the position was won and the block-house captured. . . . In the rush more than half of the Rough Riders were wounded.

In disbanding the Rough Riders Colonel Roosevelt said:

I know what you were in the field. You were brave and strong. I ask now of you that every man shall go back and serve his country as well in peace as he did in war. I can trust you to do it.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT was deeply moved by the spontaneous demonstrations of approval accorded him by his neighbors from time to time; and in later years frequently referred to the occasions as being the pleasantest moments of his life.

After his arrival from San Juan, much of Mr. Roosevelt's time was taken up with the affairs of his Rough Rider regiment, and important political matters. It was not until after he was elected Governor that he took an active interest in local matters.

When his name was prominently mentioned as the probable candidate for Governor of New York State, and immediately after his nomination for that office, there commenced a steady inflow of political pilgrims to Sagamore Hill, through the village of Oyster Bay and by water craft. Oyster Bay was then considered as being "on the map," and experienced an ever-increasing boom up to the time Mr. Roosevelt ended his career in the White House.



"I put myself in the way of things happening and they happened," is the way Theodore Roosevelt explained his good luck.

WHAT ROOSEVELT THOUGHT ABOUT
"IF WE SHOULD GO TO WAR"

WAR WAS DECLARED against Germany by the United States on April 6, 1917, and hostilities ceased at Eleven o'clock a. m., on November 11, 1918,—the eleventh month of the year and the eleventh day of the month. A pre-war editorial published in a local paper on June 17, 1915, attracted the attention of Theodore Roosevelt, and he was so deeply impressed with the article that he addressed the following strong letter to the editor:

Oyster Bay, L. I., June 23rd, 1915

To The Editor of the Oyster Bay Pilot,

Your editorial on "If We Should Go to War" in your issue of Friday, June 17th, is so good that I cannot resist writing to thank you for it. I wish to Heaven it could be kept standing on the editorial page of not a few of the great city newspapers of this country,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Editorial appearing in Oyster Bay Pilot, June 17th, 1915)

"IF WE SHOULD GO TO WAR"

"There is at least one consolation. If we should go to war it would not be because we wanted a place in the sun; nor to rectify our frontiers; nor to obtain an outlet to our trade; nor because we had promised to fight if some other nation did;

nor because we had demanded the right to have our officers sit on the military tribunals of a smaller nation and been refused; nor because a port threatened by another Power was a pistol pointed at the heart of America; nor because it was our duty to resist the Slavic peril; nor to retake provinces lost decades before; nor because we had a thumping big army which had grown tired of innocuous desuetude; nor because the Almighty had appointed us the guardians of culture and civilization to the lesser breeds; nor because we thought it a favorable time to thrash the enemy; nor simply because we were superior to everybody else that ever had been or would be, and ached to demonstrate it.

"If we go to war it will be because it is a step necessary to vindicate rights conceded for generations to the citizens of nations that keep out of strife and attend to their own affairs. We shall be fighting for the freedom and security of the open road for travelers who journey on errands of peace, and scrupulously respect the rules of the highway.

"We shall not be fighting for ourselves alone; we shall be fighting the battle of the little Power, the battle of the weak Powers, the battle of all the states of the world who have no protection but character, no guarantee of continued independence except the good faith of the nations, as manifested toward the small nation that keeps faith in its turn. And, ultimately, we shall win—for God has built this old world that way."

WHILE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE

CHAPTER II.



GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT quickly recognized the honors bestowed upon him by his fellow townsmen. After his election as Governor, to show his neighbors that he fully appreciated what they had done for him, he gave a reception to his friends in the village of Oyster Bay, on the evening of Monday, November 26, 1898, selecting Sheriff Jerome B. Johnson, a close personal friend, to take charge of the affair.

To be personally entertained by the Governor-elect of the greatest state in the Union was considered an honor seldom vouchsafed to a village the size of Oyster Bay, and his fellow citizens held their heads a little higher after shaking hands with a real live Governor.

The reception was held in the lodge rooms of Arbutus Council, Royal Arcanum. When the people left the hall they passed through an ante-room where the handsome sword presented to

Colonel Roosevelt on a former occasion, was on exhibition. On one side of the blade was etched the following inscription:

Presented to Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders) by the Citizens of Oyster Bay, Long Island, September 21, 1898, in recognition of gallant service rendered to the nation in the war with Spain.

On the reverse side, also in etching, were emblems indicative of the triumph of civilization over barbarism.

Those who received with the Governor were Mrs. Roosevelt; Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Col. Roosevelt's sister, and Mr. Douglas Robinson; the Rev. Homer H. Washburn, rector of the church attended by Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt; Rev. John L. Belford, pastor of St. Dominic's Church; the Rev. Chas. S. Wightman, pastor of the Baptist Church; the Rev. Alexander G. Russell, pastor of the Presbyterian Church; the Rev. W. P. Estes, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church; representatives of the local churches.

The ushers selected were: Messrs. Thos. Ellison, Maurice E. Townsend, A. Burnside Cheshire, Daniel W. Barto, Albert M. Bayles, A. J. Hutchinson, F. W. Bonifer, Wm. S. Moore, George B. Stoddard, Frederick Richardson, and A. L. Cheney.

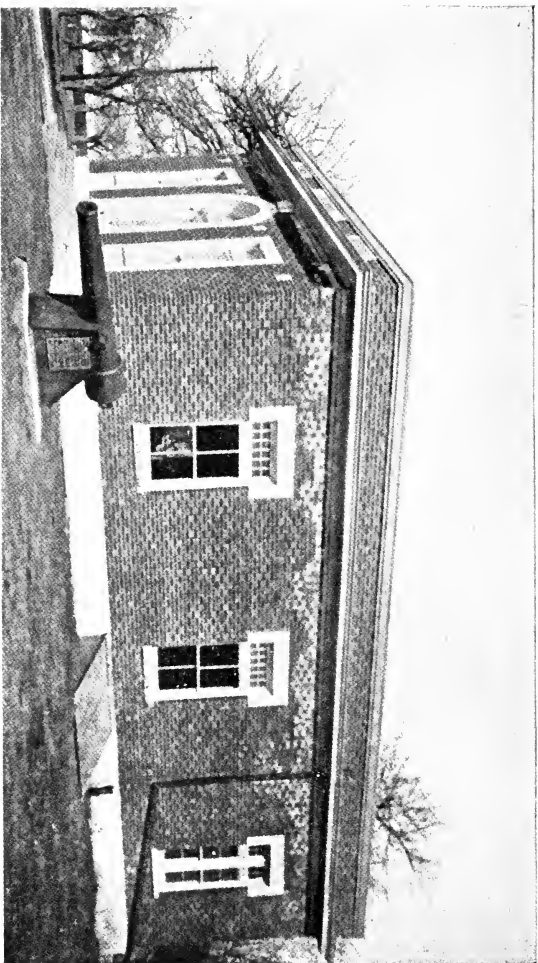


Photo by Illustrated Post Card Co.

Town Clerk's Office as it appeared before being converted into an up-to-date structure, which now includes the Courthouse. Showing cannon presented by President Roosevelt to Oyster Bay.

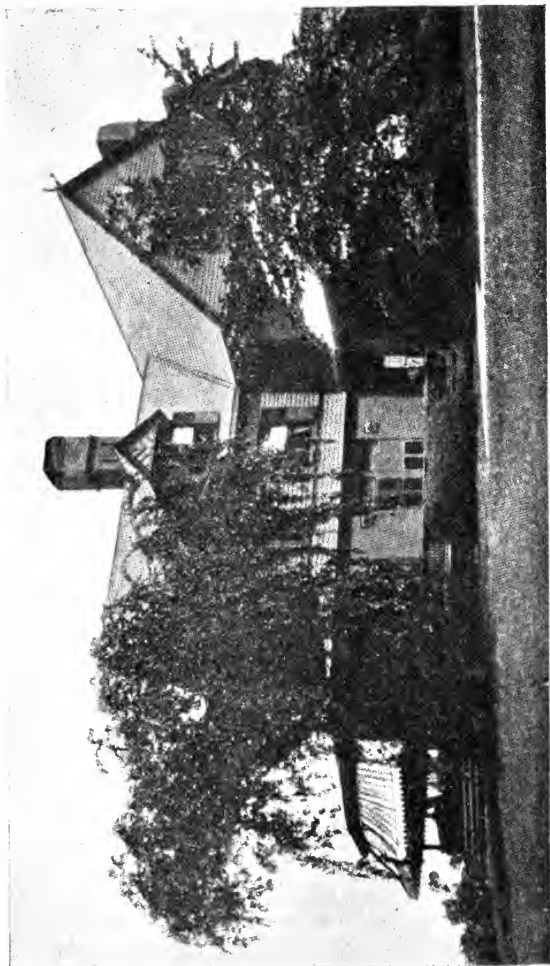


Photo by Gildersleeve.

The Roosevelt Residence at Sagamore Hill.



Photo by Arthur Hewitt.

Archie

Quentin

The President

Mrs. Roosevelt

Kermit

How the Roosevelts prepared for an Outing at Oyster Bay



Copyright, 1905, by From the Broadway Magazine,
Horace McFarland Co. September, 1907.

As Col. Roosevelt appeared in action.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S first letter to me was sent from Montauk Point, where he was temporarily stationed. It was written in long hand by one of the Rough Riders who acted as his secretary. I had mailed Mr. Roosevelt several of my stories taken from the New York *Herald* and the New York *Times*. He acknowledged their receipt promptly, and said he was particularly pleased with the article paying tribute to the colored troops for their bravery at San Juan. *He believed in giving every man a square deal.*

Colonel Roosevelt at the expiration of his term as Governor presented to the Oyster Bay library the official chair used by him in the Governor's room at Albany.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was as tenacious as a bull dog when it came to a question of right or wrong, and he never let up until a wrong was righted. I recall one instance, as an illustration: Some time after Mr. Roosevelt was elected Governor I received a telephone message from Col. Wm. J. Youngs, his private secretary, summoning me to meet Governor Roosevelt immediately at Col. Young's summer home in Oyster Bay.

Arriving at what is known as the Cove, I found Governor Roosevelt in Col. Young's study, dressed in riding togs, strenuously pacing back and forth, vigorously tapping his boots with his whip. He explained that he desired me to act as a special courier for the purpose of delivering an important document to a certain alleged recreant official, who, it appeared, was trying to evade (or prolong until after a specified date) service of the paper. Another courier had been dispatched to Albany in case the man happened to be at the Capitol.

Turning to me the Governor said:

"You thoroughly understand the importance of this mission?"

"Yes, indeed, Governor," I replied.

"And you are quite sure you can immediately reach the man if he is in the city?"

"You can always depend upon a newspaper man to make good," I answered.

"By George, you're right! They generally manage to meet *me*!" he shot back, with a squeaky emphasis on the word "*me*."

The document was successfully placed in the hands of the party to be reached, but I made haste to leave the man's presence before he discovered that he had been trapped by the Governor!

MR. ROOSEVELT detested sham and hated a liar. One day while I was in his office a very prominent politician was admitted to see him in behalf of a man seeking an important office. The visitor started in to expatiate on the man's splendid character and ability, when Mr. Roosevelt turned to him and snapped out:

"See here, Blank! If you will put in writing, *over your own signature*, what you are telling me, I will consider the appointment."

The man would not consent to do this, and the appointment was never made. The man espoused bore a shady reputation, and Mr. Roosevelt knew it.

Singularly enough, that very day I had clipped from the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* the following political excerpt, and taking it from my pocket, after the man departed, handed it to Mr. Roosevelt without comment:

The area of the lie in politics is diminishing. The era of the lie in politics is coming to an end. The omnipotence of the liar in politics ceased long ago. The existence of the lie in politics still remains, but its potency is decreasing, and before long, under the keen sunlight of publicity, which means reporters, stenographers, typewriters, the mouths of delegates, the speech of men, the augmenting morality of law and the growing strength of public opinion, the role of the liar in politics will become so contemptible that the liar

everywhere else will be careful to tell the truth where folk can see him and pass on him.

Mr. Roosevelt's face was a fine study in expression during his perusal of the crisp paragraph concerning the "short and ugly word," for of all public men he had been an undeserving victim of the political lie.

At the conclusion of the reading Mr. Roosevelt made some very illuminating comments. I shall not attempt to quote him verbatim, but he was of the opinion that the political lie would never die, except to be replaced by one of like ilk or superior in mischief to its defunct predecessor; that it is always alert and full of business, while the truth goes begging for customers.

Woe betide the man who crosses the path of the political shyster. More reputations have been ruined secretly by the political system of "queering" than by any other method.

It is an accepted fact that unscrupulous politicians are appointed to positions of high trust, while the honest, hardworking, deserving, sincere lover of good government is relegated to the rear by circumstantial lying. The lies vary in kind in accordance with the characteristics and genius of the liar. If the man in power who is to be approached by the political Ananias is clean, in-

dependent and upright, he is all the more easily imposed upon.

When the political trickster is elevated over the heads of deserving men, there are few, if any, protests against the appointment, because the men directly interested realize that the obnoxious appointee by virtue of the new power vested in him would make it decidedly unpleasant for them.

In his writings Mr. Roosevelt declared that "it has been well said that the most uncomfortable truth is a safer companion than the most pleasant falsehood." He further said:

There are in the body politic, economic and social, many and grave evils, and there is urgent necessity for the sternest war upon them. There should be relentless exposure of and attack upon every evil man whether politician or business man, every evil practice, whether in politics, in business, or in social life. I hail as a benefactor every writer or speaker, every man who, on the platform or in book, magazine or newspaper, with merciless severity makes such attack, provided always that he in his turn remembers that the attack is of use only if it is absolutely true. The liar is no whit better than the thief, and if his mendacity takes the form of a slander, he may be worse than most thieves.

Mr. Roosevelt knew every trick in the fascinating game of politics, and was therefore not easily imposed upon.

Here is an instance of an active political lie: Once when Mr. Roosevelt was a candidate for President of the United States, a political shyster employed in a government department, visited Oyster Bay, and also the personal tax department in Washington, D. C., to inspect the tax records for the ostensible purpose of reviving the old charges made against Mr. Roosevelt as a tax-dodger, which charges had been proven untrue.

At Washington, when he entered the tax office, this political Shylock, bent upon getting several pounds of Roosevelt "flesh," opened up the vials of his wrath against Mr. Roosevelt with a string of the vilest kind of abuse. I was then acting chief clerk of the personal tax division, and listened to the man's tirade in amazement, but extended to him every courtesy of the office.

Needless to say he discovered nothing to incriminate Mr. Roosevelt. He claimed that he had been sent by the Treasury Department to investigate, which was, of course, a very rank lie. It was simply the personal grievance of a disgruntled politician against Mr. Roosevelt.

Apropos of the question of personal tax in the District of Columbia, the author believes he will be doing the public a good service by devoting a

few pages of this book to the subject, as people the country over are affected by a law which is none too popular.

Being Chief Clerk of the personal tax division at the present writing, and having been connected with the department for the past eleven years, the writer can explain its workings of his own knowledge.

During the month of February in each year the Board of Personal Tax Appraisers, together with the assistant assessors of real estate, with the assessor as chairman, acting as a Board of Appeals, sitting from the first Monday in February to the second Monday in March, starts in to "pepper" the taxpayers with assessment notices, which at once begin to smart and burn deep into the aggrieved mind of the receiver, who has failed to comply with the law. Thousands of these trouble-breeding notices are scattered broadcast. Soon the whole District of Columbia is in an uproar, figuratively speaking—a howling, snarling, protesting populace, and the ominous sounds are echoed and reechoed by mail from all the prominent cities in America, as well as from cross-roads; from the Philippines, Cuba, Honolulu, from battleships on the high seas, and from points in far away Europe.

The "outraged" local contingent go trooping in before the Board of Appeals by twos, by fours and by hundreds. Senators, representatives, high government officials, lawyers, doctors, merchants, tradesmen, and women of high and low degree, brush elbows, swap sympathy and argue desperately in one common cause.

Much spirit was added to the proceedings one day when "Uncle Joe" Cannon, smarting under the imposition of an automobile tax, strode abruptly into one of the rooms and startled the clerks by exclaiming in a highly-keyed voice:

"Who is the Czar here?"

After learning the nature of his errand, one of clerks piloted Mr. Cannon to headquarters where he succeeded in convincing "the powers that be" that the automobile in question was not his property, but was owned by the United States Government. As the former "Czar" of the House of Representatives made his exit, he remarked jokingly: "That is the automobile that Champ Clark was afraid to ride in because he thought it would lose him votes."

The section of the law most generally misunderstood is the one relating to the penalty of twenty per cent. imposed by act of Congress on all persons owning personal property in

the District of Columbia, who fail to make a return in July of each year, the fiscal year beginning July 1, and ending June 30. Members of the Cabinet, senators, congressmen, Army and Navy officers, prominent newspapers having branch offices in the District of Columbia, and non-residents the country over, possessing taxable personal property in the District are caught in the meshes of this law, incurring extra payment on their tax, the Board of Personal Tax Appraisers having no power to set aside or cancel the penalty so imposed. A special act of Congress is required to remove the penalty.

Personal notification is not called for under the law as to making returns; the assessor giving three days' notice in the newspapers to the effect that the blank schedules will be ready for distribution to the public July 1.

Failure to see this announcement, and the fact that an exemption of \$1,000 applies where the household and other belongings are owned by the occupant of any dwelling house or other place of abode, in which such household and other belongings may be located, are the little "jokers" (for which, of course, the District is not responsible) that swell the treasury every year with thous-

ands of dollars representing penalty tax. Furniture rented out or placed in storage is not exempt.

Ignorance of the law is no excuse, and taxpayers must pay the penalty for their ignorance or negligence. Army and Navy officers labor under the mistaken impression that they are not subject to taxation in the District of Columbia. Under the laws they are properly assessable the same as other residents if their personal belongings (tangible property) are in the District of Columbia July 1, at which time the assessments are levied; provided that such belongings are not taxed in another jurisdiction for the current fiscal year.

The intangible personal property tax amendment provides for the taxation of certain intangible personal property of any person, firm, association, or corporation resident or engaged in business within the District of Columbia. It is unlawful for any person to enter the District of Columbia subsequent to June thirtieth of each year and establish a place of business for the sale of goods until a sworn statement of the value of such stock has been filed with the assessor; a *pro-rata* bill being immediately rendered and collectable in three days, at the end of which time if not paid, the owner is subject to distraint by the Collector of Taxes.

Assessments of intangible personal property under the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1917, as an amendment to the original Act of July 1, 1902, causes additional trouble for the taxpayers, and proves to be exceedingly unpopular. It includes the taxation of stocks, bonds, mortgages, notes, monies, etc.; and the total intangible assessments the first fiscal year amounted to nearly three hundred million dollars, the tangible assessments reaching sixty million dollars more; the combined tax being about two million and a half dollars.

These assessments are handled by the clerks nine different times before the final levy is made, and must be reported to the Treasury Department without the deviation of one cent.

The Commissioners have caused to be printed a pamphlet containing the laws relating to taxation of personal property in the District of Columbia, to and including July 31, 1919.

The penalty of 20 per cent. brings forth many odd as well as pitiful appeals. One man wrote:

Dear Mr Assessor :

I am sorry I did not get this in sooner. But try and be merciful. If you can't be merciful be as merciful as you can.

A Red Cross woman mailed her personal tax return from Italy. Accompanying it was a letter

from her Washington attorney who stated that notwithstanding the fact that the woman was ill at the time, she had travelled a distance of *seventy-five miles* on a railroad train, at a cost of \$15.00, in order to make oath before a United States Consul that she might save the penalty of 20 per cent. (the penalty period expiring a few days after she made the journey). The woman declared that the trip had been "a day of torture."

As the penalty is imposed by Act of Congress, the Commissioners of the District of Columbia are not to be held responsible for these hardships.

No blame attaches to Congress. The penalty is necessary in order to make people comply with the law. The only remedy to be applied is a good stiff dose of the medicine prescribed by the late Joseph Pulitzer: "Publicity." Educate the people up to the requirements of the law. Strive in every way to give them "a square deal."

Some years ago, Mr. Wm. P. Richards, Assessor of the District of Columbia, was of the opinion that no assessments under \$1,000 should be accepted. It was figured out that the District would be deprived of only \$50,000 out of a tax of about a million and a quarter if the law was so amended.

Such a course would certainly wipe out a lot

of hardship suffered by the poorer classes, and also do away with the annoyance to which scores of people inside and outside of the District of Columbia are yearly subjected. It would also enable the assessors and the clerks to expedite the work on assessments of far more importance.

Strange to say, the right of franchise is denied the District of Columbia, and the residents, therefore, have no representative in Congress. The professional men and merchants of the District are right up-to-date in everything they undertake, and rank with the best business men in the country. Being necessarily called upon to handle big events in the National Capital, the duty is performed in a masterly manner. They are very heavy taxpayers both on real and personal property.

“No body of public servants, no body of individuals associated in private life, are better worth the admiration and respect of all who value citizenship at its true worth, than the body composed of the teachers in the public schools throughout the length and breadth of this Union.”—*Theodore Roosevelt*.

THE eyes of the country are at present focused upon Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who is following in the political footsteps of his father and anything concerning his youthful days will be of interest now.

At Sagamore Hill, standing under the head of a magnificent stag, beautifully mounted, in the Governor's library, I had my first handshake with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Simplicity is the ruling characteristic in the Roosevelt household, and I was not surprised to see the Governor ignore ceremony and step to the front of a stairway and cry, "Ho, Teddy!" And down the wide stairway appeared little Teddy with measured tread and a matured swing of the body. The manly little fellow grasped my hand cordially, and said in a slow, emphatic tone:

"I am very glad to meet you."

As a boy I found Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., a most interesting study. He was the exact opposite of the average youngster. No character in the juvenile world at that time was more original and striking than little Teddy Roosevelt. His manners did not court familiarity, but were rather awesome. His tastes were mature, and he was delighted if he could do what his father did, of whom he was an ardent admirer.

No matter what the sport might be, he was always ready to take part in it, heart and soul,—in fact, he was very apt to go beyond his strength. In winter he slid down Sagamore Hill on his skis and his sled, and in summer fished, bathed, rode his pet pony and took long walks in the woods through mud and water, and sometimes returned home soaked through and through. And in all these sports his father took part when he possibly could.

Teddy, Jr., was also fond of gardening, and frequently donned the conventional blue overalls, helping the gardener hoe, and riding about in the farm wagons.

One day, while the governess was giving young Teddy a lesson on the piano, he stopped in the middle of an exercise and rattled off, without the slightest hesitation:

"Theodore Roosevelt, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Colonel of the Rough Riders and Governor of New York State," much to the amusement of his teacher.

Colonel Roosevelt has been pronounced a great naturalist, having acquired his knowledge of birds and animals in early boyhood, and is known to have been very happy in association with naturalists.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is also a born naturalist, and his museum was one to be proud of, containing a very large number of choice specimens.

A STORY was told in Albany to the effect that when Mr. Roosevelt's eldest son came home one day from school covered with mud, face and hands scarred, the Governor asked concernedly:

"What is the matter?"

"Well," replied young Teddy, "a boy up the street made a face at me, and said, 'Your father's a faker.' He was a good deal bigger than I, but I wouldn't stand that, you know, so I just lit into him, and I had a pretty hard time. But I licked him."

"That's right. That's right. I'm glad you licked him," were the parental words of approval.

It is also said that two boys were fighting on their way home from school in Albany one afternoon, and a policeman who had separated them saw Governor Roosevelt coming and thought it a fine opportunity to impress the boys—and the Governor. Mr. Roosevelt listened, then asked the boys for their story. Their statements seemed to have the greater weight, for, turning to the policeman, he said emphatically:

"Let 'em fight it out. It's good for them."



Photo by Gildersleeve.

JAMES DUTHIE

Past Master of Matinecock Lodge, F. & A. M., at Oyster Bay
Once acknowledged as President Roosevelt's "Boss."

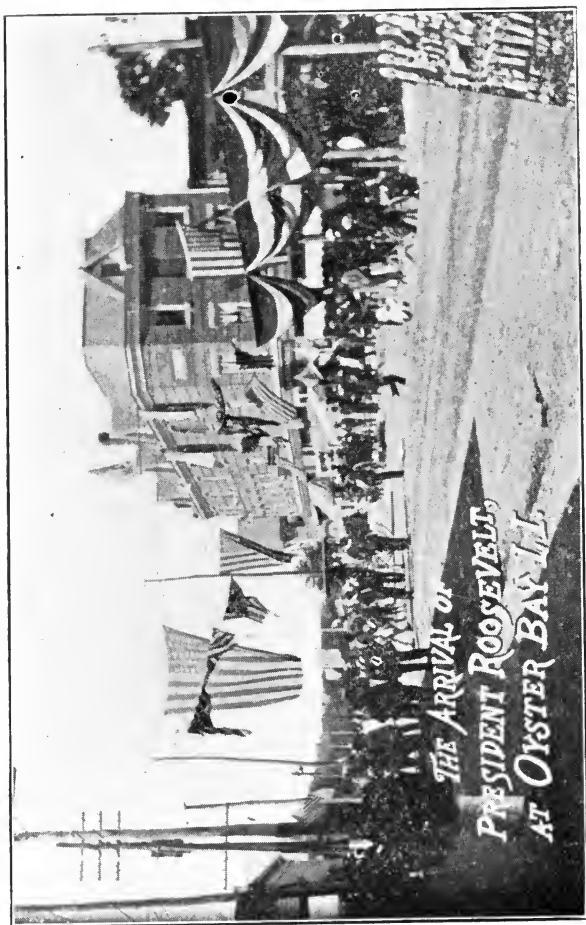
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A Distinguished Notification Committee at Sagamore Hill. Include



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in the group are some of President Roosevelt's near neighbors.



MR. ROOSEVELT'S neighbors are fond of telling a story which they attribute to Kermit, who, when he was a little fellow, as the story goes, rushed into the house one day and exclaimed:

"Father, come on out in the yard and see something awfully funny."

"I am busy; what is it son?" inquired Mr. Roosevelt.

Kermit was insistent about the curious thing until finally his father said:

"Well, has it got a tail?"

"Why," replied the boy, "the darn thing is all tail!"

Kermit had seen a snake, for the first time.

Mr. Roosevelt was very much interested in local educational matters. I was at one time president of the Oyster Bay Board of Education, and earlier a trustee, when the new High School building was erected.

One day Mr. Roosevelt sent for me and asked if there was anything he could do to advance the interests of the Oyster Bay School. He was told that he was expected to lay the corner stone of the new school building and deliver an address. He seemed

immensely pleased, and entered heartily into the exercises at the appointed time.

Mr. Roosevelt evinced similar interest in the Oyster Bay Library and, in fact, in all the local institutions, contributing money, books, etc.

He gave, through the *Pilot*, a sufficient number of books to establish a library in the A. M. E. Zion Church.

The capacity of the High School Building has been greatly increased, and the facilities improved, largely through the energetic efforts of Mr. John F. Bermingham, President of the Board of Education, and Principal Whitaker.

DURING his term as Governor, Mr. Roosevelt, when at Sagamore Hill, employed a secretary at his own expense, instead of requisitioning a stenographer from the department at Albany, as the following letter will show:

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,

ALBANY, DEC. 20, 1900.

My dear Miss Cheney:

Can you act as my stenographer in January? If so, will you come up to Sagamore Hill on the morning of the 2nd?

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

He pursued the same course when he was vice-president.

WHEN VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES

CHAPTER III.



DURING his term as Vice-President, Mr. Roosevelt was frequently absent from Oyster Bay for long periods, but always responded to the call of his neighbors when he was needed upon public occasions. He was requested to present the diplomas to the graduating class in the Oyster Bay High School, and responded promptly.

A souvenir bouquet made of flowers from the White House conservatory was presented to each member of the class, and it made the graduates and their parents very proud and happy.

Mr. Roosevelt took the keenest delight in acting as Kris Kringle each Christmas time at the Cove School. All through public life, Theodore Roosevelt never lost sight of School No. 10 at Oyster Bay where his two sons, Archibald Bulloch Roosevelt and Kermit Carow Roosevelt took the elementary

steps of their education. Théodore, Jr., also learned his A B C's at Cove School, under the tutelage of Miss Sarah Provost, for whom Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt entertained the highest regard.

MR. ROOSEVELT was deeply impressed when informed how the news of the attempted assassination of President McKinley first reached Oyster Bay.

The New York *World* had a direct wire to Buffalo, and received the news almost immediately after Mr. McKinley was shot. The *World* editor's first thought was:

"Where's Roosevelt?"

Then: "Get Cheney at Oyster Bay."

The connection was made immediately, and the editor's announcement was, of course a shock to me. Dropping the telephone receiver, I hastened to dispatch a message for Pickney, the White House steward, and another to Secretary Loeb.

It was found that everybody connected with Sagamore Hill had left Oyster Bay that very afternoon, and no information could be obtained as to the whereabouts of Vice-President Roosevelt, who was absent on a hunting trip at the time. A bulletin of the tragedy was posted in front of the *Pilot* office in Oyster Bay before bulletins or extra pa-

pers were issued in New York City. This fact was the subject of an article printed later by the Associated Press.

How Mr. Roosevelt was reached, and his famous ride, are facts for the historian to record.

Mr. Roosevelt had left no definite information with my daughter, who was acting as his secretary at the time, as to where he could be reached. He gave instruction to reply to every communication received, using a form letter. This is another evidence of Mr. Roosevelt's pronounced habit of answering all letters sent to him.

Following is a copy of a form letter used when Mr. Roosevelt was absent:

Colonel Roosevelt is away in the Southwest and will not return until Inauguration Day, the 4th of March. Your letter will then be laid before him; but as his mail is so very large, you had better write him again at that time in order to ensure the matter being brought to his attention.

Respectfully,

A. B. CHENEY, Secretary.

An amusing feature of the form letter was the fact that many writers mistook the secretary for a man. One party wrote:

You have the reputation of being a kindhearted young man, and I know you will use your influence with the Vice-President in my behalf.

WHEN orator of Arbutus Council, Royal Arcanum, I was selected to wait upon Mr. Roosevelt and endeavor to secure his application for membership in Arbutus Council. At the time DeWitt Clinton Council, of Brooklyn, was forming a class of one thousand in a rival contest, and the newspapers prematurely announced that Mr. Roosevelt's application had been obtained, adding that he would probably be initiated with the class of one thousand candidates. There was a rush for application blanks, and the class filled rapidly before the report could be denied.

In the meantime it was ascertained that Governor Roosevelt had made application to join Matinecock Lodge No. 806, F. and A. M., at Oyster Bay. Realizing that one "goat" at a time was about all he could possibly ride, even with his acknowledged strenuosity, further efforts on behalf of Arbutus Council ceased.

Being a member of Babylon Lodge, No. 793, F. and A. M., I was present at the raising of Theodore Roosevelt. He was initiated into Matinecock Lodge, January 2, 1901, and was Vice President-elect of the United States at the time, having left the office of Governor of New York State at the end of the year of 1900.

He was passed March 27, and raised April 24, 1901.

W. Brother Theodore A. Swan, a member of the summer colony, and one of Mr. Roosevelt's immediate neighbors, was Master of Matinecock Lodge when Brother Roosevelt was initiated, passed and raised. Brother Loeb, who was private secretary to Bro. Roosevelt, was his instructor. The officers of Matinecock conferred the first and second degrees, except that R. W. Brother Joseph Cummings of Altair Lodge, gave the Middle Chamber lecture. The first section of the third degree was conferred by Matinecock's own officers; the lodge used its own officers in the subordinate positions in the second section, with Most Worshipful E. M. L. Ehlers, Grand Secretary, as Master; the hard work being accomplished in the South by M. W. John Stewart; in the West by M. W. William Brodie; and in the East by M. W. John W. Vrooman, Past Grand Master. Brother Roosevelt was raised by M. W. Charles W. Meade, the then Grand Master, who was present with all his staff, who were received by R. W. William L. Swan. Matinecock Lodge was mighty proud of the occasion.

Admittance to the lodge room was by invitation only on the night Brother Roosevelt was raised, but the newspapers announced the great event,

and hundreds of Masonic brethren went to Oyster Bay and were turned away. The usually quiet village streets had the appearance of a gala night.

From the front steps of the building somebody shouted :

“Make way for the treasurer!” and Capt. Alfred Ludlam, treasurer of Matinecock Lodge, pushed his way through the crowd. When he reached his desk he found that a pickpocket had “made way” with his purse containing a goodly sum of money. Several visiting detectives, members of the Masonic order, were also relieved of their valuables, but were too ashamed to “acknowledge the corn.” New York crooks had read the newspapers and took advantage of a crowd in which they were least expected.

AN INCIDENT connected with his membership in Matinecock Lodge furnished another demonstration of Mr. Roosevelt’s democratic nature and his love of mixing with the plain people.

One of the chaplains of the lodge, the late Rev. Alexander G. Russell, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Oyster Bay, was an invited guest at a White House luncheon, when the question of Masonry happened to be brought into the general

conversation, and it was found that every man present was a Mason. President Roosevelt declared he liked the idea of Masonry in that it brought all men to a common level, and made them feel the equal of everyone.

"Do you know," ~~said the~~ President, "that the Master of my lodge is just a working man,—a gardener for one of my neighbors in Oyster Bay; but when I visit Matinecock Lodge he is my boss, and I must stand up when he orders me, and sit down when he tells me, and not speak unless he allows me."

W. M. James Duthie, is the gardener referred to by the President. He was Senior Warden when Bro. Roosevelt was raised. He is a Scotchman of exceptionally good appearance, very gentlemanly, and exceedingly well read. He was Master of Matinecock Lodge three years during President Roosevelt's first administration—1902, 1903 and 1904. He was succeeded one year by W. Edward P. Waldron, and four years by W. George W. Downing.

For the last four years Past Master Duthie has been Assistant Grand Lecturer. He never missed a meeting of his lodge during a continuous period of fifteen years.

For ten years, Mr. Duthie was Chief Usher at Christ Episcopal Church, where Mr. Roosevelt worshipped. He had a most strenuous time seating the people near the President's pew, and one Sunday a woman "crank" tried to have him arrested for preventing her from getting too near the President.

President Roosevelt made frequent visits to the lodge, and was always eager to go. One night he entered the lodge room in the manner common to all Masons, and cast his eyes around for a seat, when the Worshipful Master said:

"Brother Roosevelt, you will find a seat on the left."

It so happened that the vacant seat was next to the one occupied by the writer. Brother Roosevelt's face was all aglow with happiness when he took his seat, and he turned and talked to his immediate brethren in the most informal manner.

When the lodge went to refreshment, President Roosevelt mingled with the brethren, exclaiming:

"By Jove! This is great! Great!"

It seemed as though the social and political fetters had fallen from his shoulders, and he was free to talk and act to suit his own sweet will.

On the night that Brother Roosevelt was

raised, Brother Wm. Loeb, Jr., acted as his sponsor. Strange to relate, Brother Loeb experienced a lapse of memory for an instant. Quick as a flash Candidate Roosevelt took up the broken thread, and the brethren showed their admiration and appreciation of the unusual incident by an out-burst of applause.

IT IS interesting to note in this connection, that George Washington, the first President of the United States, was raised August 4, 1753, in Fredericksburg Lodge No. 4, of Virginia, dating back one hundred and forty-eight years previous to the raising in Masonry of Theodore Roosevelt, who was the twenty-sixth President of the United States.

Mr. Washington was a charter member of Alexandria Lodge No. 22, Alexandria, Va., when said lodge was instituted, April 28, 1788. In 1804, after his death, the name of this lodge was changed to the Alexandria-Washington Lodge. Washington was President of the United States from April 30, 1789 to March 4, 1797. At the time of Mr. Washington's death there were three doctors present, all of whom were Master Masons. Two of these, Drs. Dick and Craik, were members of his lodge; and the third, Dr. Brown, was the

Grand Master of Masons of the State of Maryland, being the fifth Grand Master. Worshipful Bro. Geo. W. Faller, past master of Matinecock Lodge, was the physician who attended Bro. Roosevelt in his last illness.

BEFORE he became President of the United States, it had been the custom of Mr. Roosevelt, once a year, to hold a private reception for the reporters at Sagamore Hill, at which time the newspaper men would appear in evening dress and be highly entertained in the study for an hour or more listening to spirited stories, related in confidence, that would look mighty good in print, and would also bring a princely price.

In writing the conventional biographies of great personages, little or no account is taken of the men who necessarily figure along the "firing line" or in the "trenches" of journalism. Hence "there's a reason" why a few pages of this book should be devoted to the splendid work accomplished by the reporters stationed at Oyster Bay, and who entered into and constituted a large part of the affairs relating to the home-life of Theodore Roosevelt. He admired their pluck and gave them

every encouragement, if deserving—in fact, he was their “meal ticket.”

SPEAKING from long experience as owner, editor and publisher of several newspapers, I have found that the qualifications necessary for a successful reporter are varied and exacting. First of all he must have natural ability; then the aptitude for getting at the truth; the power to read human nature aright; the industry for research; the gift to assemble the facts and incidents so as to capture and hold the attention of the reader and please the sense of truth, pathos and humor.

No matter how barren the facts or how meagre the information, when a reporter gets an assignment to cover a story, whether it be five hundred or five thousand words, he must be equal to the emergency, and the man who makes the best showing of his talents naturally goes to the top. But it is done at the sacrifice of all pleasure and personal comfort. The reporter's first duty is to his paper at any and all times. When properly trained and thoroughly imbued with a sense of his duty, the reporter will brave all dangers and deny himself every luxury to subserve the best interests of his newspaper and to make a record for himself.

The reportorial road to fame is a broad and an open one, full of great and brilliant possibilities for aspiring young men of talent, but it is not an easy thoroughfare to travel. It is paved with hardships and discouragements. The battle must be hard fought and unceasing. It is not an easy or a short step from the ranks of the private to the position of a general in command.

Of all the professions in the world, that of the newspaper plodder, be he editor, correspondent, special writer or reporter, is the most exacting in its demands upon the brain and mind. Success is attained only through careful and indefatigable labor; but the reward is worth the effort.

There are no prospects and no room at the top, in the field of journalism, for lazy men. It is one continuous grind, and the men or women who cannot withstand its exactions must eventually fall by the wayside.

Arthur Brisbane "said it all" when he remarked to the writer one day: "Newspaper work is an awful drag." Mr. Brisbane has been largely compensated for his hard work through the inspirations people have received from reading his brilliant editorials.

Reporters unquestionably formulate and sway public opinion. The editorial writer in order to



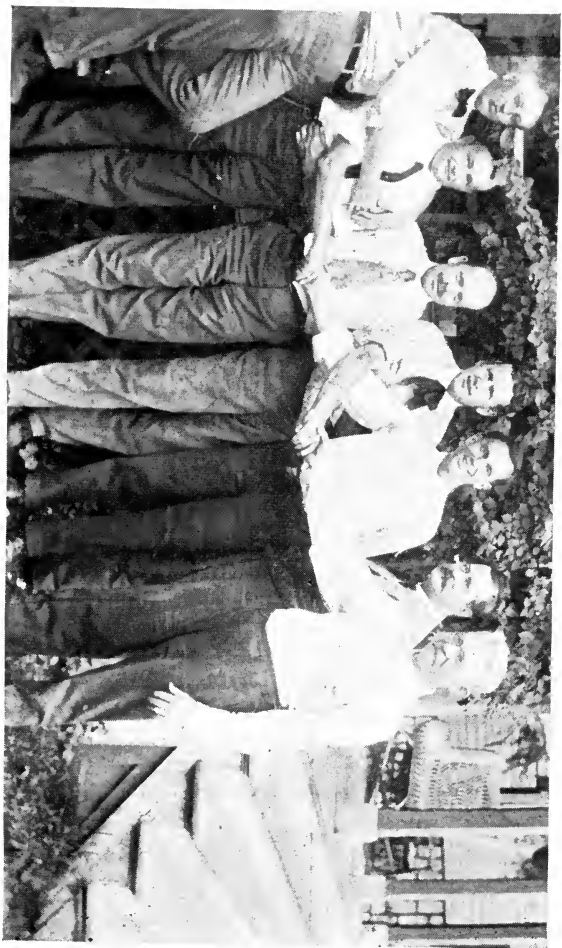
Hon. BYRON R. NEWTON

Formerly First Assistant Secretary of the United States
Treasury, now Collector of the Port of New York,
who arose from the newspaper ranks.



JOHN C. KENNAILAN

Formerly owner of the Oyster Bay Pilot and for twenty-two years a reporter on the Brooklyn Eagle. He hired a special locomotive on the Long Island Railroad to get a confession from Rugg, the murderer. He started life as a newsboy.



Cooper,
American.

Bailey,
A. P.
Tribune.

Hazard,
Hambridge,
Times.

Palmer,
Sun.

Cheney,
Herald.

Cook,
World.

Newspaper representatives at Oyster Bay, 1905 to 1909, stripped for strenuous duty on a hot Summer day.



Oyster Bay Pilot Newspaper Office
where Mr. Roosevelt's letters of
acceptance were ordered printed.

keep in touch with public sentiment, must necessarily build his ideas on the reporter's presentation of news facts, and the latter thus moulds, fashions and controls public prejudice, be it for good or for evil.

No class of men in the world bring to their profession so much loyalty, shrewdness, energy and capability as reporters. They must be omniscient and omnipresent. Their loyalty cannot be questioned. They will sacrifice all personal comfort and pleasure rather than be beaten or miss a "scoop."

The trained reporter has little time to think or study. He must generally act on the spur of the moment, and with rare good judgment and tact. If he makes a slip or misses an opportunity which proves of advantage to his competitor, he is at once in bad odor at the office, and is called down—a punishment every conscientious reporter dreads. His aim is to excel in his profession and to surpass his associates.

Natural ability, training and experience make the successful special correspondent and reporter. A collegiate course does not fill the bill instantaneously. A graduate fresh from college has yet to graduate from the reportorial school. There is a certain "twist" to be acquired, gained by the suc-

cessful reporter only through practical experience. Your green college graduate, if sent on an assignment will give you an essay which will pass unread, while the trained reporter will dish up a brilliant, spicy story pleasing to both the eye and the senses, and one that will be devoured with avidity.

AMONG the New York city pioneer reporters covering Oyster Bay, can be recalled Mr. Elmer E. Paine of the Associated Press, who was considered the dean of the group; Messrs. Grahame of the *Commercial Advertiser*, Livingstone of the *Herald*, Slaight of the *World*, Dennison of the *Sun*, Hazard of the *Tribune*, and Halstead (son of Murat Halstead) of the *Times*.

Mr. John O'Brien, another reporter for the New York *Sun* at Oyster Bay, was appointed Dock Commissioner in New York. Mr. Harry Brown, at one time a well-known political writer for the New York *Herald*, was a frequent visitor to Sagamore Hill, and always had ready access to President Roosevelt.

Edward Marshall, the famous war correspondent, who was shot at the battle of Las Guasimas, and lost a leg, was an active participant in one of the Roosevelt receptions. He became so enthusiastic in the work that he caused handbills to be

printed at his own expense, and hustled around on crutches to aid the reception committee.

Changes were frequently made in the reportorial personnel, the later list including Messrs. Byron R. Newton, *Herald*; Robert Bailey, Associated Press; Loren Palmer, *Sun*; Charles Hambidge, *Times*; William Hoster, *American*; and Vincent Cook, *World*. Mr. Elting Fowler, now dead, was a late comer for the *Sun*: also Mr. Hamilton of the *Evening Sun*; Mr. Pollock and Mr. Charles E. Shepherd of the *Brooklyn Eagle*; Mr. Warn of the *New York Times*, Mr. Harry Coleman of the Associated Press, Mr. Walter Funnell of the *Brooklyn Times*, and Mr. Thomas Kelly, Standard News Association.

Fowler made a hit by writing up John Franklin's trout pond, or tank, which was located directly under the bar at the Franklin Hotel near the shore. The tank contained many fine specimens of the trout tribe, and also kegs of beer for cooling. The place had been made famous by the metropolitan newspapers. One day a beer keg collapsed, and Fowler's description of the "drunken trout" was very funny and was widely copied.

Fowler was highly elated when Mr. Roosevelt referred to the trout story and told him how thoroughly he enjoyed it.

Several of the newspaper men stationed at Oyster Bay became very prominent in public life, notably Mr. Byron R. Newton, who was appointed First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under William McAdoo. He often, and very ably, filled the responsible position of Acting Secretary during the absence of Mr. McAdoo. Mr. Newton is now making good as Collector of the Port of New York. It is said that Roosevelt was once responsible for Mr. Newton's desertion from the newspaper ranks to enter public life. Mr. Robert Bailey was also appointed an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; but later retired to private life.

MR. ROOSEVELT loved a good story and was very fond of almost any "catchy" song. Mr. Alfred J. Stofer, familiarly known as "Major" Stofer, one of Washington's pioneer newspaper correspondents, with a record of thirty years at the Capital, had two songs in his *repertoire* which he was in the habit of singing at the famous Gridiron Club's dinners that seemed especially to appeal to Colonel Roosevelt.

There were a few songs Mr. Roosevelt became so familiar with that he invariably joined lustily in the choruses, when they were sung at the dinners which he attended in Washington, before and after becoming President.

Mr. Roosevelt was not especially quick at learning a musical air, but one of these songs, "De Watermilion Hangin' on De Vine," was rendered so frequently at Gridiron Club dinners, that Col. Roosevelt had no difficulty in joining in the ringing chorus which was swelled by members and guests in all portions of the spacious room in which the dinners were given.

If he did not sing in loud voice while the first verse of that song was going he showed his keen interest while the words were being reeled off as follows:

Oh, de dew it am a fallin', dat 'milion's gwineter cool,

An' soon it will be very, very fine;

But, bless yo' soul, my honey, dis darkey ain' no fool

To leave it dar a hangin' on de vine.

Oh, de ham bone am good, de bacon am sweet,

'Possum meat am very, very fine;

But gimme, oh gimme, oh how I wish you would,

Dat watermilion a hangin' on de vine.

There are five verses in the song, and the one to which Col. Roosevelt specially warmed up was the fourth, as follows:

Oh, de 'possum an' de tater am mighty good to eat—

Some darkeys think dar's livin' in a ham;

But wátermilion's eatin' dat nuthin' else kin beat,

For it's loaded full of "*Glory to de Lam.*" "

Another song was the "Levee Bully," which was some years ago made famous on the stage by May Irwin, the popular actress. That entire production is musically so strenuous that it caught the fancy of the President completely. Major Stofer was on the program to render the bully song one night, and as it was certain that Col. Roosevelt would be the star guest of the evening, it occurred to the Major while shaving for the occasion, that he would take his razor to the dinner with him. This razor had a white ivory handle. Just before being called upon he threw the blade back and placed the razor in his coat pocket so that it could be flashed just as he reached the words in the song where the Tennessee darkey, supposed to be hunting for days and weeks for the "levee bully," finally got him cornered. As the words, "I drewed my steel dat gemman for to find," were uttered, Major Stofer was looking straight at Col. Roosevelt who was listening with intense interest. The Major flashed the razor. Instantly the Colonel sprang to his feet and gave such a whoop of delight that it convulsed nearly every one in the central portion of the big banquet room with laughter.

None of the reporters covering Col. Roosevelt were eligible for membership in Editor Rodemeyer's Bald Headed Club of America.

AS PRESIDENT

CHAPTER IV.



OYSTER BAY being a centre of fashion and wealth, was vested with additional importance as the summer capital of the Nation. Merchants and tradesmen of all classes, during these fortunate summers, did a thriving business.

The presence of President Roosevelt put in circulation a large amount of money, expended by visitors who went to Oyster Bay from all over the country. The clerical force at the executive offices, which numbered more than two dozen people, many with families, left a large amount of money each year, as well as the Secret Service men, most of whom had their families there. The great number of newspaper men, too, added largely to the prosperity of the place.

Once the President, his family and his assistants were gone, and the summer colonists took their

departure, Oyster Bay resumed its Rip Van Winkle-like sleep.

MRS. ROOSEVELT lives very quietly, and shuns publicity. It is known that she always had unbounded faith in her husband's ability and power to command a future. She proved to be a great incentive to him in his work.

Theodore Roosevelt and Edith Kermit Carow were great friends in early youth. The Roosevelts and the Carows were two of the foremost families in New York, and on terms of intimacy with each other. Edith Carow was then referred to as "a lovely and brilliant girl," just as her Oyster Bay neighbors refer to her now as "a beautiful character." Although socially prominent, she has always lived a very ordinary life. Her children possess her traits to a marked degree.

Mrs. Roosevelt frequently visits the rooms of the St. Hilda Society of Christ Church, and engages, with the other members, in sewing for charity or for the annual fair. She is spoken of as "a very faithful member."

The Society was founded by the late Mrs. Henry Homer Washburn, wife of the Rector of Christ Church, of which Mrs. Roosevelt is a member.

The Washburns were very highly thought of by the Roosevelts. The Rev. Mr. Washburn, who lives in New York City, is rector emeritus of Christ Church. His father was the author of the famous patriotic song entitled: "The Vacant Chair."

FIVE children—three sons and two daughters—survive Colonel Roosevelt. The sons are: Capt. Archie Roosevelt and Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who were with the American forces in France and Capt. Kermit Roosevelt who was an officer in the American Expeditionary Forces, having enlisted in the British Army before the United States entered the war, being later transferred.

The daughters are: Alice, wife of Congressman Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, Ohio; and Ethel, now Mrs. Richard Derby of New York.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT frequently took a "short cut" to the executive offices from the White House, walking down a rear terrace. One day he found a policeman asleep while guarding the door to a back entrance. The President passed the sleeping guard, with a broad grin on his face. The man in charge of the grounds at the time, having learned of the incident, started

to arouse and admonish the policeman, when the President raised his hand and exclaimed:

"No! No! Don't wake him up—unless he snores."

PERFECT harmony prevailed in the Roosevelt household at all times. This fact is testified to by every person employed at Sagamore Hill.

Mrs. Edward Norris, *nee* Mary McKenna, of Washington, D. C., was for many years Mrs. Roosevelt's maid, and her services were very highly valued. When Mrs. Norris left the White House, President Roosevelt presented her with his latest portrait bearing the following inscription:

February 11, 1909. To Mary McKenna with all good wishes for her future from Theodore Roosevelt.

Mrs. Norris was particularly fond of the Roosevelt children. She says that Quentin Roosevelt possessed his father's qualities to a marked degree. Sometimes matters would go wrong on an "off day," as they are bound to do in every household, when Mr. Roosevelt would say:

"O, never mind; that's all right!"

Quentin often made the same remark. Mrs. Norris says that Quentin would frequently be

found in a corner "with his nose in a book." At the time he was killed in the aviation service, Quentin bore a striking resemblance to his father.

Miss Margaret McConvey, governess for the Roosevelt children, was extremely fond of Quentin, and grieved greatly over his death. Miss Annie Loftes, maid to Miss Alice, went with her to Washington when she became Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. Miss Annie O'Rourke was the cook, Miss Rose McKenna, a waitress, and Miss Mamie Ledwith, a nurse. They all speak in the highest terms of the cordial manner in which they were treated by the whole Roosevelt family at Sagamore Hill.

THE PRESIDENT and Mrs. Roosevelt were very solicitous of the comfort and health of the people in their employ. Noah Seaman, the superintendent of the Sagamore Hill estate, was an exceptionally fine man, and the President regarded him highly, treating him almost like a brother, both in public and in private. Mr. Roosevelt was deeply affected when he learned of Seaman's death, and considered it a personal loss.

One time Mr. Seaman was critically ill when Mr. Roosevelt was at the White House, but the

family did not acquaint the President with the fact.

Mr. Roosevelt had previously asked me to keep him informed concerning certain people in Oyster Bay,—in fact, I was a sort of “Handy-Andy” and a “bureau of information” for the entire executive force, as well as the New York newspapers generally.

I considered it my duty to write to the President and inform him of Mr. Seaman’s serious condition. Mr. Roosevelt immediately sent a specialist from Washington to take charge of the case, and his prompt action at the time probably saved Seaman’s life.

MR. ROOSEVELT’S unceasing activity constantly developed exciting incidents, many of which never reached the newspapers because the facts were known only to the immediate family and the servants. The *attaches* of the Roosevelt household were very secretive, and would never divulge anything unless authorized to do so.

Mr. Roosevelt was chopping down trees in the woods one day, when the axe slipped and he received a cut on the foot. He made light of the accident, but Superintendent Seaman, who was with him, fearing blood poisoning, insisted upon

his going to the house and having the wound dressed by Mrs. Roosevelt. This was told to me by Seaman, who requested that it be withheld from publication.

Here is another startling incident that never reached the newspapers.

Mr. Roosevelt was mounted on "Bleinstein," his favorite saddle horse, one morning, when the spirited animal suddenly shied and the President was thrown violently to the ground, near the house, striking on his head and shoulders. He was badly shaken up and felt the effects of the fall for several days. I was strongly tempted to write the story and get a "scoop." Again I was asked to treat the accident confidentially.

Mr. Roosevelt and the family were being driven from Sagamore Hill on their way to church one Sunday, when the carriage came in close contact with a half-drunken man, making him very angry and he declared, with an oath, that if the coachman would get out of the conveyance he would knock his head off.

The President instantly informed the coachman that he would accept the challenge himself, and jumping from the carriage started for the man, who suddenly recognized Mr. Roosevelt and hastened to apologize.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was truly a man of action. He was never still, even in the hands of his private barber. Intimate friends who gathered about him at such times became nervous when Mr. Roosevelt gesticulated, or sometimes would spring out of his chair.

"Isn't there danger of cutting the President?" some one much concerned asked the barber.

"No, indeed. If he kept still I'd cut him sure," responded the tonsorialist, smilingly.

On these occasions the President discussed affairs of state with Secretary Elihu Root, to whom he referred as "the invaluable Elihu"; or with Senator Lodge, his avowed bosom friend; or with Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Garfield and Dr. Lambert.

ST. HILDA SOCIETY, in which Mrs. Roosevelt is deeply interested, will doubtless take an active part in raising funds for the Roosevelt Memorial Park. Mrs. George E. Talmadge, wife of the rector of Christ Church, is president of the Society; Mrs. Robert J. Ludlam, secretary; and Mrs. Elbert Rushmore, treasurer. The other members comprise Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Jesse Mollineaux, Mrs. Robert Spicer, Mrs. Frank Spicer, Mrs. Millie Lewis, Mrs. Fred Sammis, Mrs. Charles Wilkinson, Mrs. Edward Birchell,

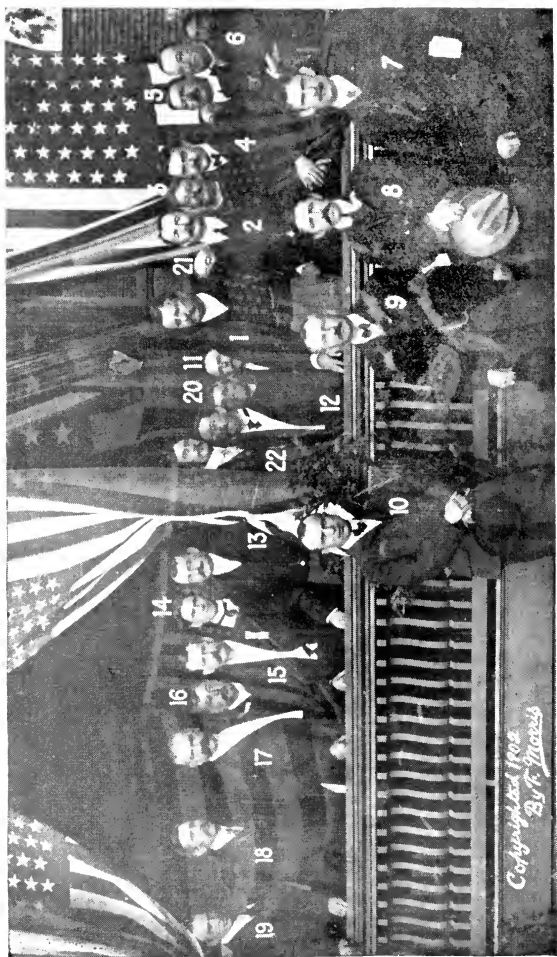


An Approved Picture

Photo by Pach Brothers.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

As he appeared when President of the United States,
during the first part of his administration.



The picture on the opposite page was taken during the reception to his neighbors at Oyster Bay, September 15, 1902, when President Roosevelt gathered about him several of his neighbors and a number of New York detectives on the veranda of his house, and called to a photographer to take the group. The photographer had used up all of his plates, but being quick-witted, and realizing that a request was virtually a command from the President of the United States, hastily slipped into the camera a plate already exposed, thus making a double exposure, the picture being later enlarged and sent to President Roosevelt.

1. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.
2. James E. Downing, Detective Sergeant, New York.
3. J. H. Allen, Central Office Detective, New York.
4. John T. Ruth, Central Office Detective, New York.
5. John Becker, Central Office Detective, New York.
6. William P. Sheridan, Detective Sergeant, New York.
7. John J. Burke, Central Office Detective, New York.
8. George T. Lawler, Detective National Park Bank, New York.
9. Thomas Monday, Central Office Detective, New York.
10. William F. Peabody, Detective Sergeant, New York.
11. Hon. Wm. J. Youngs, Member Executive Committee, Oyster Bay.
12. Frank C. Travers, Chairman General Committee, Oyster Bay.
13. William Loeb, Jr., Manager Oyster Bay Reception.
14. Mr. Stone, Chief Usher, White House, Washington.
15. Albert L. Cheney, Pres. Board of Education, Chr. Reception Com.
16. A. P. Montant, Member Executive Committee, Oyster Bay.
17. D. B. Shaw, Secret Service Agent, New York.
18. Mr. Pusey, Usher White House, Washington.
19. James L. Long, Town Clerk, Secretary General Com. Oyster Bay.
20. James H. Ludlam, Member Executive Committee, Oyster Bay.
21. Jerome B. Johnson, Sheriff Nassau County, Member Executive Com.
22. Mr. Fullerton, Special Deputy Sheriff, Hempstead, L. I.

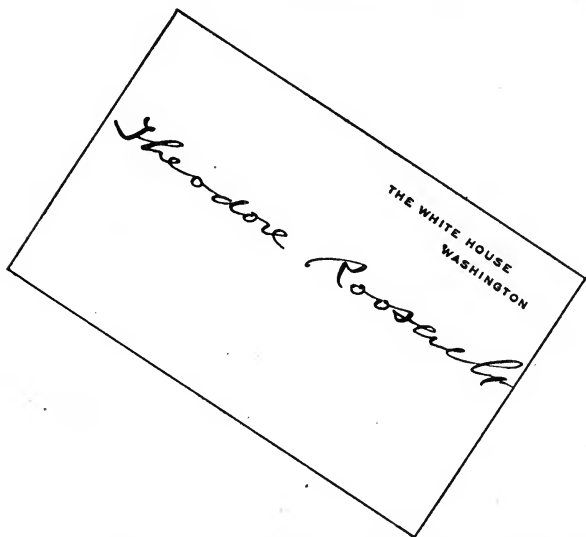


Photo by Arthur Hewitt, 1904.

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

And two sons, Archie and Quentin, taken when at the
White House.

Mrs. Daniel Kraft, Mrs. Charles Boyer, Mrs. Fred A. Mills, Mrs. Herbert Phillips, Mrs. Elbert Tappen, Mrs. James Brice, Mrs. E. Ebbitts, Mrs. Edward Townsend, Mrs. Harry Townsend, Mrs. John Moore, Mrs. Wm. Reid, Mrs. Frank McQueen, Mrs. Maurice Townsend and the Misses Alice Reid, Hattie McCoun, Vida McCoun, Bessie Mills, Jennie Underhill, and Marie Groebel.



Facsimile of Autograph Card written by the President at the White House.

QUESTIONS of his own finances or private business never entered Mr. Roosevelt's mind. He simply signed the checks and Mrs. Roosevelt or his secretaries did the rest.

A shrewd local tradesman was seen coming from Sagamore Hill one day, seated on a big load of hay. A fellow townsman asked him if he had driven a sharp bargain with Mr. Roosevelt.

"Roosevelt, me eye!" replied the man, and added: "I bought this hay from Mrs. Roosevelt, and gave her more than the market value because she's a mighty fine woman."

AFTER Mr. Roosevelt was elected President, Oyster Bay became the mecca for cranks, but, thanks to the constant vigilance of the Secret Service men, few reached Sagamore Hill. Mr. William Craig, a Scotchman of Herculean proportions, killed in a street car accident in Pittsfield, Mass., while acting as the President's bodyguard, was very highly thought of in Oyster Bay.

Craig, known as "Big Bill," was a familiar figure on the streets of Oyster Bay, especially in the early morning hours.

It was necessary for me to reach my office at an early hour, and I worked at a big window opening almost on a level with the sidewalk.

The reporters had designated three female cranks as the "Woman in Black," the "Woman in Red," and the "Woman in Blue," who were each seeking a personal interview with the President.

These women were in the habit of coming to my open window and relating to me their real, or imaginary, wrongs; importuning me to use my influence with Secretary Loeb in their behalf.

After they departed Mr. Craig would drop around and get a line on their talk, thus keeping in close touch with every questionable person.

One morning Big Bill seemed to be very much perturbed over something, and finally volunteered the information that he had just called up one of the maids at Sagamore Hill, as was his usual custom, and the 'phone was unexpectedly answered by the President himself.

"I was so rattled that I dropped the receiver like a hot cake!" said Craig, and added:

"Now, I wonder what the President will think?"

I happened to know later that the President thought it a mighty fine joke on "Big Bill"; and Mr. Roosevelt certainly loved a good joke.

The following tribute in verse was paid to the memory of Craig:

“My Shadow”

BY FREDERICK PARKER KAM

We had started out together from my home at Oyster Bay,
On a visit through New England for a stumping tour one day,
The month was August, Nineteen Two, and all felt blithe
and gay,
For the people gladly met us as we chanced to pass their way.

The pleasures of that trip to me will long in memory cling,
As I view again the flower-strewn streets and hear the
children sing,
But they tell us in the adage, “There’s no rose without its
thorn,”
And I feel mine stinging sorely when I think of him who’s
gone.

We made a call at Boston and our welcome was sincere,
We next drove o’er to Harvard, my Alma Mater dear,
Then the smaller towns and cities our attention did attract,
And we all had enjoyed ourselves ’ere we turned and started
back.

We next went to New Hampshire and then down into Maine,
Then to visit Vermont had to cross New Hampshire once
again;
From Vermont to Massachusetts we had safely made our
way,
When a tearful incident met us on that third September day.
The second night at Dalton, Mass. we stopped with Governor
Crane,
We were up next morning and on our way again,

When an accident occurred to us, 'tis sad to here relate,
That just this side of Pittsfield my old friend met his fate.

We'd left Dalton bound for Lenox, Mass., were well upon
our way,

The people flocked to see us, 'twas a sweet Autumnal day.
Our horses pranced most proudly as they carried us along,
And cries "Vive la President" rose from the surging throng.

We were rolling on unconsciously when suddenly a cry,
From Craig, our secret-service man, caused me to turn my
eye.

I saw an Electric Street Car with Madden at the grip,
A making towards our landau at a most tremendous clip.

I next saw Craig, my faithful friend, with hand well raised
in air,

He was shouting at his utmost to the motorman "Take Care,"
The next I knew it all seemed still, my head was aching sore,
And I heard Crane say to Cortelyou that Craig would live
no more.

Now friends I've faced the enemy on San Juan's awful hill,
I've viewed the blood-stained corpses in Death's grasp cold
and still,

But never in my whole past life has my heart ached so
sincere,

As it did that day for my dear friend Craig, who died that
I might be here.

'Twas hard my fellow citizens, but I tried to make the most,
When I knew that Craig my Shadow, was dying at his post,
And I'm not ashamed to tell you that it almost took my
breath,

When I realized my Shadow gone who'd been faithful unto
death.

The other Secret Service men doing duty at Oyster Bay were: James Sloan, Frank Tyree, Richard Taylor, Stephen Cornell, and Joseph Murphy who is now Assistant Chief of the Secret Service Bureau in Washington.

C RANKS go to ridiculous extremes in an endeavor to reach prominent people or to secure souvenirs. Mr. Roosevelt's valet told of a ridiculous and embarrassing incident that happened in a suite of rooms at a hotel while Mr. Roosevelt was absent making a speech.

A very stylishly dressed woman passed back and forth in front of Mr. Roosevelt's room, and then suddenly darted through the open door. Seizing Mr. Roosevelt's coat which was hanging on a chair, she clasped it in her arms, and waltzed wildly around the room, exclaiming:

"I've hugged him! I've hugged him!"

The valet was speechless with astonishment, and before he could recover himself sufficiently to act, the woman threw down the coat and rushed from the room, highly elated over what she had done.

The valet feared to tell Mr. Roosevelt about the incident because he said the President would have been so disgusted that he might put the blame on him.

WHILE on duty in the office of the New York *Herald* I received a letter from Mr. John C. Kennahan, editor of the *Long Island Farmer* at Jamaica, stating that he was offered an opportunity to purchase from Mr. Edward N. Townsend the *Pilot* printing establishment at Oyster Bay, and wrote that he proposed to buy the plant if I would consent to act as publisher and manager of the paper. The consent was given, and this decision led up to my settling in Oyster Bay and to my close acquaintance later with Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. Kennahan, who died recently, was a wonderful financier, and wielded a very caustic pen. He would go the limit for a friend, but never spared an enemy.

He gave me *carte blanche* in editing the *Pilot*, and visited the office in Oyster Bay only occasionally. He took a keen interest in the paper, however, and it grew to be his pet. It wielded considerable power in the town and county, and waxed prosperous. With the aid of his outside transactions the business increased tremendously. During one year alone, the net income of the *Pilot* reached over *forty thousand dollars*, and in fact yielded a big profit every year. Being an of-

ficial paper, it published the tax sales and redemption notices.

Mr. Kennahan owned two official papers in Nassau county and one in Queens. He obtained a monopoly of certain business in both counties. Governor Roosevelt's letter of acceptance was ordered printed in the *Pilot* office as an official document.

Mr. Kennahan started life as a newsboy; acted as altar boy in St. Monica's Church, Jamaica; and was for twenty-two years reporter on the Brooklyn *Eagle*. He reported the famous Rugg murder case, and by hiring a special locomotive of the Long Island Railroad, he secured the first confession from the murderer.

He owned an exceedingly fine home in Brooklyn, and had a country seat at Great Neck, Long Island. He was very proud of his home and family. His wife, Eva, who survives him, is an exceptionally fine woman; and his success in life was largely due to her ability and influence. He also leaves a son, Mr. George Hollis Kennahan. Three Nephews, Messrs. George H. and Cecil Kennahan, and Mr. James F. Sullivan, conduct a publishing business at Jamaica, L. I.

MR. ROOSEVELT was given to flash judgment, but would as quickly change his mind if a reasonable suggestion was made. He always acted on the impulse of the moment.

Arriving at the White House from Oyster Bay one day, Secretary Loeb told me that the President wished to see me in his office. Entering the President's room, I found him conversing very earnestly with Vice President Fairbanks and a Southern senator. The minute the President saw me he ended the conversation abruptly and rushed forward with both hands extended, exclaiming:

"How are all the people at Oyster Bay?"

Mr. Fairbanks and the senator stared at each other in utter amazement, as much as to say:

"Who in thunder is that guy?"

Later, when the President was about to welcome a big delegation of visitors, he told me to take a chair near a door of the reception room and watch the proceedings. Seated on the opposite side of the room was a reporter who had been given permission to watch the President in action. When the reporter's story appeared in print it bore the caption:

"An Hour with a Mile-a-Minute President."

NOTWITHSTANDING his great prominence and wide influence, Theodore Roosevelt was very democratic in his treatment of his deserving fellow citizens.

Some men, when they attain high positions, look down upon less fortunate ones and appear to say:

"It is very fine up here," and at the same time, in the selfishness and pride of their nature, actually think:

"I am awfully glad you can't get up beside me."

Mr. Roosevelt never could be justly classed with the "I-am-better-than-thou" type of man, who delights to pose as something more select than the common herd. He never thought that everything outside of his set was "Dutch."

One day a woman stenographer was sent from *Scribner's Magazine* to take in shorthand a story which the Colonel had agreed to dictate. She did not realize the difficulties she would encounter in getting the story. Mr. Roosevelt set an hour to meet her in the gun room, and when he did not appear at the appointed time, she walked the floor exclaiming:

"When do you think I shall ever get that story?"

Some one pointed to the window and said:

"Look!"

What she saw from the window was the Colonel

sliding down hill on skis with the children. Mr. Roosevelt appeared later, very apologetic and extremely polite.

AS I ENJOYED not only the confidence of President Roosevelt, but also of Secretary George B. Cortelyou and Secretary Wm. Loeb, Jr., as well as the members of the "Summer White House" Executive force and the employees at Sagamore Hill, it was frequently more difficult to withhold "tips" than it was to get the news. Often a "leak" was attributed to me when I was absolutely innocent.

Instructions had been given by Mr. Loeb to grant me access to the executive offices at Oyster Bay at all times. This liberty once caused me considerable embarrassment, but the incident finally proved to be rather amusing.

When the death of Secretary Hay was hourly expected, the reporters were all on the alert to make the announcement by way of Sagamore Hill. My house telephone was installed at the head of my bed for instant use, and I slept very little the night Secretary Hay died, expecting every minute to get a "tip" from New York.

Leaving the house very early in the morning, and while walking down to my office, I saw Mr. Elmer E. Paine of the Associated Press driving

through the streets in a carriage. He had been to Sagamore Hill to see the President, and was in a great hurry, having received word that Secretary Hay was dead. Mr. Paine said he would give out the facts later.

Shortly after, I sauntered into the executive offices, and on Secretary Loeb's desk found a long telegram of condolence from the President to Mrs. Hay to be given out, *as I supposed*. I made a copy of the telegram, rushed out and telephoned it to the papers in New York.

Later, on the way to Mr. Paine's room, I met Mr. William Hoster of the New York *American*. I informed him that Mr. Paine had seen the President and was to give out the story. When we met Mr. Paine he recounted his interview with the President, stating very carefully and most emphatically that he had been intrusted with a telegram to be sent to Mrs. Hay, and that the President said *it must not be given out with the story*. And I had already telephoned the message to New York!

Suddenly realizing that Mr. Paine had left the copy of the telegram on Mr. Loeb's desk, and that the despatch would be given to the public before it reached Mrs. Hay, I hastily excused myself,

rushed to the nearest telephone and tried to recall the telegram.

I heard the day man, at the newspaper desk in New York, laugh uproarously and shout:

"Cheney's got a 'scoop' and he's scared to death."

Of course the Associated Press demanded an immediate explanation from Mr. Paine as to why the despatch had been omitted from his story. Naturally Mr. Paine was furious, and threatened dire things to the guilty parties, including the telegraph operator and the colored messenger in charge of the executive office, both being badly frightened. I was also afraid that my hasty action would put me in bad with the President. When Mr. Loeb reached his desk, after seeing Mr. Roosevelt, and said to me:

"I see that you scored a beat on Paine this morning," I breathed a deep sigh of relief.

IT WAS never discovered how a stranger uncere-
moniously entered the dining room at Saga-
more Hill one morning. The President was at
breakfast when he looked up and found the man
standing beside him.

"How did you get in here?" asked the President,
in amazement.

"Walked in," said the intruder coolly.

The man's audacity so amused the President that he did not order him ejected, but accompanied him personally to the door.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was fortunate in having a most competent executive force at Oyster Bay. It was the rule, rather than the exception, to burn "midnight-oil," in the Summer White House offices over Moore's grocery store.

The pace was set by Secretary William Loeb, Jr., who was known as President Roosevelt's "right hand man." The regular force included Messrs. M. C. Latta, N. P. Webster, Clarence E. Ingling, E. W. Smithers, J. L. McGrew, Wilbur Hinman, B. F. Barnes, and T. H. Netherland. Of this number, Netherland and Barnes have joined the great majority. Mr. Barnes was appointed postmaster of Washington, D. C., by President Roosevelt. Mr. Latta, Mr. Webster, Mr. Smithers, and Mr. Ingling are still at the White House. Mr. McGrew secured a good position in another department of the Government. Mr. Hinman purchased a farm and has settled down "next to nature."

William Loeb, Jr., now numbered among the West End summer colonists at Oyster Bay, is a

prominent financier. He purchased the fine homestead of the late Col. Robert Townsend on the picturesque West shore, where he lives a quiet life with his wife and son, William Loeb, third, which is in striking contrast to his activity in days of yore, as is shown by the following quotations from an article published in the *Illustrated Magazine*, in March, 1903, written by Mr. John Elfreth Watkins, Jr., a well-known special correspondent. No personal memoirs of Mr. Roosevelt would be complete without extended reference to Mr. Loeb.

Of all young Americans in their thirties the most conspicuous in our national life is William Loeb, Jr., just elevated to the difficult and responsible office of Secretary to the President.

A perfectly clean desk greeted Secretary Loeb when he assumed his office. Such had been the perfect executive ability of Secretary George B. Cortelyou that no unfinished business was carried forward.

Tact and wide acquaintance with men of affairs are the main keynotes to Secretary Loeb's success. His first employment after graduation, was in the office of a newspaper correspondent, where speed and a willingness to adapt himself to irregular hours were the prime requisites. Then he found better pay in the offices of business men until Bishop Doane selected him as his amanuensis. In his make-up there was none of the nomadic spirit characteristic of the average young man with equal self-reliance.

He was born in Albany. He had a taste for politics and at an early age became the chief lieutenant of Eugene Bur-

lingame, the then Republican leader of Albany. He was secretary of the Republican county committee when scarcely more than a youth, and served two years as vice-president of the Unconditional Republican Club. When only twenty-two, he was elected official stenographer of the lower house of the New York Legislature, a position which demanded great skill, and which was fraught with many responsibilities for one of his few years. . . .

During the first few months of Mr. Roosevelt's administration as Governor of New York, Mr. Loeb served as one of the four executive stenographers. Had he been a young man of mediocre ability, he would never have attracted the strenuous Rough Rider's attention. As it was, Mr. Loeb had so much improved his time in his short career that he had a personal acquaintance with all of the public men frequenting the State Capital. Since serving as stenographer to the Assembly, he had been private secretary to a Lieutenant-Governor, a president pro tem. of the State Senate, a speaker of the Assembly and a candidate for the office of Governor. With the latter, Mr. Fassett, he had toured the State during a spirited campaign. He had reported the debates of the constitutional convention and had been stenographer of the District Attorney and grand jury.

Governor Roosevelt soon realized that a young man with such experience and wide acquaintance would be valuable to him as his private and confidential secretary. Mr. Loeb received the promotion. And he has been "Roosevelt's right-hand man" ever since.

Prior to President Buchanan's administration each President had to furnish his own private secretary and pay for such services out of his own pocket; and in those

days the presidential salary was but \$25,000 a year. But the work of the Presidential office was as nothing in those early times compared with what it is now. No books were kept, and all official letters were answered in the executive departments. . . .

The first official private secretary authorized by Congress received \$2500 a year. Fifteen or twenty years later, this was increased to \$3500. It was during President Cleveland's *regime* that it was raised to \$5,000, the present figure.

Two men besides Secretary George B. Cortelyou have found this office a stepping stone to the Cabinet. These are John Hay, and Daniel S. Lamont Secretary of War during President Cleveland's second administration. John Hay, immediately after being admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Illinois in 1861, was offered the position of assistant secretary to President Lincoln, and accepted it. Later he was appointed adjutant and aide-de-camp to Lincoln, whom he served in the capacity of military secretary. Lincoln's only civil private secretary was John G. Nicolay, who collaborated with Secretary Hay in the preparation of a notable life of the great Civil War President.

Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty has had more difficult problems to solve than any of his predecessors, because of the great war, and the absence of the President from this country. However, his genial disposition, and the happy faculty of taking things philosophically has materially lessened his task.

DURING Mr. Loeb's absence from the summer White House at Oyster Bay, his place was filled by Assistant Secretary Rudolph Forster, who has a record of twenty-two years in the White House, dating from March 5, 1897. Being a persistent plodder, he is still on the job.

Mr. Forster seems to find rest in work. When he goes on a vacation, which is once in a dozen years, he "feels like a fish out of water." He is Secretary Tumulty's right bower. Mr. Forster has a wonderful store of interesting information concerning the White House and public men, and he is exceedingly popular.

Mr. Forster is known as the "silent man." Mr. Robert D. Heinl gave the following excellent pen-picture of him in *Leslie's*:

You probably never heard of a human lubricant, but as compared with Rudolph Forster, assistant secretary to the President, graphite and the smoothest oil are crude in texture. He's not the titular head of the office, but anybody who knows his Washington will tell you that Mr. Forster is the steady, silent—always silent—well-balanced pendulum who keeps the machinery of the White House offices, the busiest and most interesting organization of the nation, everlastingly moving. It is doubtful if the entire government service possesses a more indefatigable worker than he.

There was hardly the zephyr of a breeze created when this suave gentleman appeared in President McKinley's workshop years ago as a stenographer. He came in the back door, hung up his hat, and began to work. He has never stopped, though it is vaguely reported that on Christmas eve a year ago he nearly got home to spend a few hours with his family. This may be an exaggeration, but it is a fact that, as the gray streaks of dawn were breaking on one occasion, President Roosevelt suddenly laid a heavy hand upon Mr. Forster's shoulder. The colonel—pacing up and down the floor in his restless, gnashing way—had dictated to the faithful employe by his side all night long.

"Rudolph, we're going to quit!" Mr. Roosevelt's voice carried the high-tension whirr. "I've worked you so hard that if you were to kill me and leave enough strength in my body I would sign a complete pardon for you before I died."

President Taft is said to have humorously compared the always-on-the-job Forster to his (the President's) right elbow. "And I couldn't crook a finger without my elbow responding," was his tribute to the assistant secretary. In short, Mr. Forster is a President's man and forever keeps to that high standard.

He is another example of how a stenographer who uses his brains may get to the top. When Rudolph Forster came to the executive offices he had made a name for himself by his accuracy and speed at taking shorthand dictation. George B. Cortelyou, whom we now refer to as one of our best known former cabinetarians—Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Postmaster General, or Secretary of the Treasury whichever large title pleases you most—was in those days on the bridge at the White House offices, second in

command to John Addison Porter, the then President's secretary. Forster was one of the seven clerks, and the business was being handled upstairs in the White House, over the east room. So tremendous has the volume of business increased since then, especially during and following the Spanish-American war, that the offices now occupy an entirely separate building and four times the former number of employes have to labor day and night, holidays not excepted, to keep the work to date. Other government branches close at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, but when the latest home-goers pass along Pennsylvania avenue, the thoroughfare deserted save for a sleepy policeman or so, it is an odd night if the lights in the executive offices are not burning brightly.

ON THE OCCASION of the great naval review I was highly gratified at receiving the following invitation:

THE WHITE HOUSE,

WASHINGTON,

SEPTEMBER 1, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Cheney:

I have made arrangements for you to be on board the U. S. S. Mayflower during the naval review on Long Island Sound Monday, September 3, 1906.

Bring this letter with you as your credential.

WM. LOEB Jr.,

Secretary to the President.

As the big fleet of war ships passed in review, President Roosevelt, filled with unbounded enthusiasm, exclaimed:

“By George! Doesn’t the sight of those big warships make one’s blood tingle? Every true-blue American should see this.”

It was on this occasion that Mrs. Roosevelt, who stood near the President, turned to me and asked after my daughter, saying:

“It was only yesterday that we were talking about Amy and how hard she used to work at Sagamore Hill.”

I replied that she had tried to be a credit to the Colonel, and Mrs. Roosevelt said that she thought that she was a credit to her father.

“Yes,” added the President, “and she has written some very delightful things about my family.”

The above is printed as additional proof that the Roosevelts fully appreciated faithful service and were not too exalted to recognize people in humbler circumstances.

Mrs. Roosevelt thoroughly appreciated what had been written about the Roosevelt children, as is evidenced by the following letter sent from Albany when Mr. Roosevelt was Governor:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, ALBANY,

DEC. 15, 1901.

My Dear Miss Cheney :

Thank you so much for the article. I think you know quite well what to say that is right, and I am glad to have the little record of the busy Christmas to lay away for the children when they are old. I am so glad you are well and strong again.

The Governor and the children join me in best wishes for your happiness and success in the coming year.

Believe me.

Sincerely yours,

EDITH K. ROOSEVELT.

A FUNNY episode in which Mr. Roosevelt and the reporters figured, showed his magnanimity even under adverse circumstances.

One Sunday a local preacher in his over-zealous admiration of Mr. Roosevelt, during a memorial sermon digressed from his eulogistic remarks and denounced the trusts, at a time when the subject was a very delicate one from a political standpoint, coupling Mr. Roosevelt's name in a manner that was thought to be displeasing to the President.

The reporters present, always on the alert for just such an apparent break, eagerly sought for copies of the sermon. My daughter had been asked to take the sermon in shorthand at the

church, but declined, finally consenting to type-write it at my house. After the minister arrived, the reporters assembled in the parlor.

In the meantime the preacher, getting word of Mr. Roosevelt's supposed displeasure, concluded not to give out the sermon, and then pandemonium broke loose among the newspaper men. They argued with the minister and threatened dire things.

Glancing out of the window the reporters saw Secretary Loeb, drive up in a carriage. Thinking that Mr. Loeb had come to suppress the sermon, a representative of one of the big news associations, jumped up and shouted excitedly:

"Don't you admit that man in here!"

The reporter was informed that it would be hardly proper to refuse admittance to the Secretary to the President of the United States!

Secretary Loeb, a master hand at adjusting difficulties of this character, poured oil on the troubled waters, and advised the minister to grant the request of the reporters, Mr. Loeb having just come from the President and knowing that he had personally expressed no disapproval of the sermon.

The next day the newspapers all carried sensational stories on the sermon, but Mr. Roosevelt merely smiled and considered the incident closed.

Mr. Loeb's mission to the house was only for the purpose of arranging suitable quarters for the newspaper men at a coming Roosevelt reception.

MR. ROOSEVELT had nothing to gain, either socially or politically, by being good to me. He was just impulsive, good-hearted and appreciative. As a matter of fact, the *Pilot*, with which I was connected, never supported Mr. Roosevelt politically, and I was also identified with the local Democratic organization, having always been an independent Republican. But Mr. Roosevelt made no distinction between Democrats and Republicans in his home town. I was appointed to a position in Washington by Commissioner West, a Democrat, at the request of Mr. Roosevelt, who had re-appointed Mr. West Commissioner of the District of Columbia.

When Mr. Roosevelt was a candidate for President I wrote him a letter, stating that I felt under obligation to go home and vote for him, but at the same time thought I ought also to be loyal to the administration that furnished me my bread and butter. Within a few days Mr. Roosevelt replied as follows:

THE OUTLOOK,
287 Fourth Avenue, New York.,

OFFICE OF

August 13, 1912.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

My Dear Mr. Cheney :

That is a very interesting letter of yours, and I thank you for it. Now do not under any circumstances jeopardize your position. Keep perfectly quiet. You have a right to vote as you desire, but you must not talk or attract attention by partizanship. Good luck to you.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

He again wrote in November :

OYSTER BAY,

November 4, 1912.

Dear Mr. Cheney :

I am deeply touched by your letter. But, my dear fellow, I am concerned also, for you must not jeopardize your position.

May all good fortune be yours,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE son of a prominent Tammany Hall man was set back three years in his rating in the United States Navy through no fault of his own. Pressure was brought to bear on prominent officials, even to a Cabinet officer, to give the boy another chance, but no one cared to ask the President to reverse himself.

The matter was brought to my attention at Oyster Bay, and I accompanied the young man to the White House, stating the case to President Roosevelt, being reinforced by a favorable letter from the Chairman of the Naval Examining Board. President Roosevelt, remarking that "we must stand by the young men of the country, especially when they are in the right," ordered the case to be reopened, and the young man successfully passed the examination. A few days later I received the following letter concerning the case:

THE WHITE HOUSE,

WASHINGTON,

Nov. 7, 1907.

My Dear Mr. Cheney:

I send herewith for your information copy of an Executive Order which the President signed today, concerning the case of Lieut. Moses, United States Navy.

Very Truly yours,

WM. LOEB, Jr.,

Secretary to the President.

It was thought that race prejudice entered into this case, but it mattered not to Mr. Roosevelt whether a person was a Jew or Gentile, white or black.

He took Oscar Straus into his cabinet. His aim always was to *give every man a square deal*.

Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt was generous almost to a fault. One day when President Roosevelt went home to vote, I received a telegram from the New York *Herald* which read:

"Cover Roosevelt to the blinking of an eye."

This meant, of course, that the *Herald* wanted an "incident story." When the President arrived he greeted me, with others, at the station. I did not expect to speak with him personally again, as he was making a whirl-wind visit.

I followed him to the voting booth over a Chinese laundry. He was by far the liveliest man in the crowd, with his breezy Western manners and cheery greetings. It was:

"Hello, Sheriff Johnson!"

"Joe, you are looking well!"

"Hello, Sim!"

"How's the baby, Wally?"

"Glad to see you, Jake."

Then he darted up the narrow stairway to the polling place, heartily greeting ballot clerk James J. Mills, who shouted gleefully:

"Theodore Roosevelt votes ballot No. 123!"

August P. Montant, a Democrat and a prominent summer colonist, who followed him in voting, asked:

"Hasn't the President the right to vote twice?"

"No," said the President. "You don't want me to be arrested and in my own home at that?"

"Have I the right to vote with the President?" continued Mr. Montant.

"Yes, if you vote the right way!" retorted the President.

President Roosevelt darted into the booth, and in sixty seconds was out again. He spied me once more, and grasping me by the hand pushed through the crowd to two chairs in a corner near a window, where we became seated. Then the President of the United States and the country editor engaged in a prolonged private conversation, the nature of which the newspaper representatives were eager to learn, and were sore because it was not divulged.

I am now at liberty to divulge the topic. Among other things, the President discussed the affairs of his family coachman. The coachman who had served Mr. Roosevelt faithfully, wanted to leave Sagamore Hill and go to Washington, but the President preferred to have him remain at Oyster Bay.

President Roosevelt asked the country editor to use his influence in an endeavor to get the coachman to change his mind. The coachman finally decided he ought to go to Washington, and rather

than hurt the man's feelings Mr. Roosevelt appointed him to a position in the White House.

One important incident escaped the vigilant eyes of the reporters. Mr. Roosevelt slipped to me an envelope containing a sum of money. Pinned to the bank notes in the envelope was an item clipped from the *Oyster Bay Pilot*, reading about as follows:

If the readers of this paper know of any indigent persons or families in this community deserving of assistance, and will so inform the *Pilot* a way will be provided to help them.

The item was inspired through overhearing a poor little boy praying for food and a rocking-horse.

If the members of a once unfortunate Oyster Bay family are living they will now know that the groceries, coal and rent money provided for them came through funds furnished by a President of the United States.

It may also be stated that a certain lady very close to the Roosevelts, sent a check once a month, through my wife, for three successive years, to pay the rent of a poor woman residing in Oyster Bay.

IN RESPONSE to an invitation, President Roosevelt one day addressed a Brotherhood meeting in St. Paul's M. E. Church in Oyster Bay, taking for his text, "The Bible." Mr. Roosevelt appeared on the rostrum attired in a white duck suit, it being an exceptionally hot day, but he was full of action and his stirring remarks made a deep impression upon his hearers, the congregation being composed of people of all denominations. It was said that "he preached just like a Methodist minister." During his "sermon," Mr. Roosevelt forcibly remarked that a man who failed to read the Bible didn't have common sense.

At the conclusion of the meeting, President Roosevelt *requested* the privilege of accompanying the pastor, the Rev. Warren I. Bowman, to the parsonage next door, in order to pay his respects to Mrs. Bowman.

Master Larned Bowman, son of the pastor, aged about five years, said very earnestly to Mr. Roosevelt: "We'd like to have you stay to dinner."

"Now, that's nice," said the President, and asked: "What do you have for dinner?"

"Bread and milk," responded the boy.

"Fine!" exclaimed the President, and added: "That's just what we have at our house."

ONCE I was asked by a Republican leader how I would like to be postmaster at Oyster Bay.

"Never," I replied, "as long as Miss Annie Larrabee has breath enough left in her body to hold down the job."

Miss Larrabee had been postmistress for years, and was beloved by the whole community. She was one of the finest women it had been my good fortune to meet, being always gracious and obliging. Mr. Roosevelt was her staunch friend up to the time of her death, which occurred after he left the White House. He joined with the citizens in securing her reappointment during President Taft's term. Miss Larrabee was succeeded by Miss Irene Bayles; and later, former State Senator Thomas H. O'Keefe was appointed postmaster by President Wilson.

In the early days when the Oyster Bay post office was a mere "hole in the wall," the *Pilot* fought for a new building and succeeded in its efforts, with the assistance of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Thomas C. Platt and former Congressman Frederick Storm—the new post office building being erected by Mr. James Henry Ludlam, a warm personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. O'Keefe later erected a fine post office building on Audrey Ave.

BELOW is a "sample story," written by Lindsey Dennison, a reporter for the New York *Sun* at the time. It shows that the President's neighbors, irrespective of politics, joined heartily in his receptions.

PRESIDENT HOME TO VOTE
DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS UNITE IN ROUSING
WELCOME.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., Nov. 3.—The President came home to-night. All this side of Long Island has reason to know it. His fellow villagers gave him a reception that for noise and red fire and general preelection evening enthusiasm has seldom been surpassed. Telegrams began dropping in from Frank C. Travers at Long Island City about a quarter before 5 o'clock this evening to Editor A. L. Cheney of the *Oyster Bay Pilot*. Mr. Travers is a Democrat in theory but a Republican in practice. He talks Democracy until election day comes around and then he votes the Republican ticket because Mr. Roosevelt is a Republican. This was his first despatch to Mr. Cheney:

"President's baggage now here. Have fireworks arrived Oyster Bay?"

To which Mr. Cheney replied:

"Fireworks here. When does the President arrive here?"

"Don't know" answered Mr. Travers, "but start salute at half past 6."

"What about salute?" asked Mr. Cheney. "Have just enough to pay band. Who will pay battery?"

Mr. Travers was apparently warming up to the occasion in Long Island City for this last inquiry was hardly finished before the answer came.

"I'll pay for battery and anything else you can think of.

Hire band for all night. Have you got bonfire? If not, get busy. Get busy anyhow."

Mr. Cheney was already as busy as he always is when there is any compliment to be paid to the President by Oyster Bay.

Ably seconded by Maurice Townsend, who is a Democrat like Mr. Travers except that he votes the ticket, he passed the word around town. Mr. Townsend was geyed by his fellow Democrats but he said that he guessed the President was the President of the whole United States and the Townsends were prominent enough in the community to be broad-minded even if it were the night before election.

At half past 6 came this message from Mr. Travers:

"Train leaving. Let her go."

When the train rolled into the station it was indeed apparent that Mr. Cheney and Mr. Townsend had let her go. Both political parties had rallies here to-night. The bonfire lighted the great crowd with a flickering yellow light, and red fire showed its glow far out over the bay to Centre Island. The sky was streaked with the glare of skyrocketes and Roman candles. The anvil battery made the little railroad station jump six inches in the air once every two and a half minutes.

Great was the racket. When the President stepped from the train a number of Federal guards tried to keep the crowd from him. The President pushed them to one side and dove into the mass of people, shaking hands with both hands at once, laughing long and loud between greetings and hand-shakings. He made his way across the station to a light trap from Sagamore Hill which was waiting for him. The horse was standing on its hind legs with two well-meaning but helpless townsmen hanging from the bridle.

"Look here," said the President, surveying the beast's enthusiasm with doleful appreciation, "Mrs. Roosevelt is to ride in that. It won't do. We'll have to have a quieter horse."

The driver was sure that the horse was all right. Mrs. Roosevelt, who had come from the train at a safe distance behind the President, said that she was certain that it was safe. So they got in, the driver yelled "Let go," and in a flash they went out of sight up a side street.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S reception to his friends and neighbors of Nassau County at Oyster Bay on September 15, 1902, was considered the crowning event in the affairs of his home life. On that occasion he shook hands with ten thousand persons.

At Sagamore Hill Mrs. Roosevelt stood near the President, bowing and smiling as her neighbors passed by. The President and Miss Alice Roosevelt were in front of the bay window of the parlor. Surrounding them were Mr. William Loeb, Jr., Mr. Gerard Beekman, the Rev. Father Power, the Rev. Homer H. Washburn, the Rev. Alexander G. Russell, Col. William J. Youngs, Mr. A. L. Cheney, Mr. Emlen Roosevelt, cousin of the President; Mr. August Montant, Mrs. Emlen Roosevelt, Miss Christine Roosevelt, Miss Loraine Roosevelt, Miss

Ethel Roosevelt, and Teddy, Jr., each assisting the President in receiving.

Teddy, Jr., scanned the visitors as they approached his father with as much vigilance as that shown by the Secret Service men.

A buffet lunch was one of the features of the reception. Each visitor received ginger wafers and a glass of red lemonade served in a thin sherbet glass cup, given as a souvenir, on which was inscribed:

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, 1902.

An elderly lady approached the President with beaming face, and attracted his immediate attention.

"Well, Maggie, I am delighted to see you," said the President, grasping her cordially by the hand. It was Maggie Mitchell, who had been a servant in the President's house when he was an infant. She wanted to see Theodore Roosevelt now that he was President.

The President chatted unreservedly with everybody, expressing his pleasure at meeting so many of his Nassau County friends. Every town in the county was represented by large delegations, including Huntington, numbering 600; Rockaway

600; Lawrence, 200; Freeport, 1000, Babylon, 500; Amityville, 450; Cold Spring, 500; Farmingdale, 300; Roslyn, 300; Hicksville, 250; Syosset, 100; East Norwich, 200; Locust Valley, 300; Glen Head, 250; Brookville, 100, Bayville, 400; and even Woodbury with 75. Mineola was under the leadership of Sheriff Jerome B. Johnson; Sea Cliff was headed by Mr. Francis E. Sherwood; Great Neck by Mr. Elmer Lecluse, and Hempstead by Mr. DeWitt C. Titus, then postmaster.

Mr. Maurice E. Townsend, a well known Oyster Bay Democrat, led the local musicians to the President's house, for the townspeople had joined hands to pay the President tribute in a strictly non-partizan spirit. Even the grounds of Mr. William F. Sheehan, former Democratic Lieutenant Governor of New York, were decorated.

Head usher Stone and assistant usher Pusey, of the White House, participated in the reception.

Following is a prominent list of the President's neighbors who had the honor of assisting him at the reception. Included in the number are many summer colonists who resided near President Roosevelt, and some of the best known men in the country, notably Frederic R. Coudert, a lawyer of international repute.

OFFICERS:

Frank C. Travers, President	E. Reeve Merritt
James L. Long, Secretary	A. P. Montant
Gerard Beekman, Treasurer	W. J. Youngs

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

W. Emlen Roosevelt, Chair.	E. M. Townsend, Jr.
The Rev. Henry Washburn	Chas. S. Young
The Rev. Walter J. Power	George Thompson
The Rev. Alexander Russell	Vincent P. Travers
The Rev. W. I. Bowman	Thomas S. Young, Jr.
The Rev. Clarence Van Buren	Camilles Weidenfeldt
Jerome B. Johnson	H. DeForest Weekes
Townsend D. Cock	Chas. H. Raymond
E. Morgan Griffin	William H. Burgess
Dr. G. W. Faller	Charles H. Rogers
Dr. Irving F. Barnes	Geo. G. Stowe
William Minor	J. W. Sears
Geo. Maxwell	John A. Weekes
Frederic R. Coudert	H. H. Landon
Frank Lord	Arthur D. Weekes
F. C. Swan	Frederick Weekes
Colgate Hoyt	William Trotter
G. W. Beekman	John T. Sherman
C. W. Wetmore	James C. Blair
E. H. Swan	Frederick D. Sherman
Geo. M. Fletcher	Wm. F. Sheehan
F. W. Gibson	R. W. Gibson
D. LeRoy Dresser	Geo. Bullock
Wm. L. Swan	Frank Work
Samuel T. Shaw	Irving Cox
E. A. Bigelow	Townsend Underhill
Geo. R. Shelton	Beekman H. Townsend

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, the English novelist, gives a pen picture of former President Roosevelt in her novel "Marriage a la Mode." She takes her characters to one of the big evening receptions at the White House. At a quiet pause in the story, just before a violent episode, she lingers a moment to describe the reception :

"Washington, at this time of the world's history, was the scene of one of those episodes—those brisker moments in the human comedy—which every now and then revive among us an almost forgotten belief in personality, an almost forgotten respect for the mysteries behind it. The guests streaming through the White House defiled past a man who, in the level and docketed world, appeared to his generation as the reincarnation of forces primitive, overmastering and heroic. An honest Odysseus!—toil worn and storm-beaten, yet still with the spirit and strength, the many devices of a boy; capable, like his prototype, in one short day of crushing his enemies, upholding his friends, purifying his house; and then, with the heat of righteous battle still upon him, with its gore, so to speak, still upon his hands, of turning his mind, without a pause and without hypocrisy, to things intimate and soft and pure—the domestic sweetness of Penelope, the young

promise of Telemachus. The President stood, a rugged figure, among the cosmopolitan crowd, breasting the modern world, like some ocean headland, yet not truly of it; one of the great fighters and workers of mankind, with a laugh that pealed above the noise, blue eyes that seem to pursue some converse of their own, and a hand that grasped and cheered, where other hands withdrew and repelled. This one man's will had now for some years made the pivot on which vast issues turned—issues of peace and war, of policy embracing the civilized world; and here, one saw him in drawing-rooms, discussing Alaric's campaigns with an Oxford professor, or chatting with a young mother about her children."

Through *Boy's Life* I wish to send this message, not only to the Boy Scouts, but to all boys of America: The prime lesson that the Boy Scouts movement is teaching is the lesson that manliness in its most vigorous form can be and ought to be accompanied by unselfish consideration for the rights and interests of others.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

AT ONE of Mr. Roosevelt's receptions two members of a receiving committee possessed rather old-fashioned ideas as to conventional dress and they appeared in plain business suits. The other members of the committee were dressed in Prince Albert coats and wore silk hats. The contrast was so startling that when the two business men, arm in arm, approached the President, he raised his hand and shouted:

"Here come the aristocrats!"

EIGHT years of almost daily contact with President Roosevelt in his home at Oyster Bay and his office in Washington, certainly qualifies a man to speak understandingly and truthfully of Mr. Roosevelt's habits and character. Such a man is Mr. William B. Dulany, a Washingtonian, for many years an *attache* of the White House—two years under President William McKinley, and eight years with President Roosevelt.

Mr. Dulany always accompanied Mr. Roosevelt in a confidential capacity when he made presidential trips to different sections of the United States, and had absolute charge of Mr. Roosevelt's letters and State papers. At times he even carried the President's private purse.

One day a prominent visitor hesitated to talk to Mr. Roosevelt about private matters in the presence of Mr. Dulany, when the President quickly turned to the man and said:

"O, that's all right. There is not a member of my cabinet that I have more confidence in than I have in Mr. Dulany."

Mr. Dulany declares that he never heard President Roosevelt use a profane word, nor relate a story that could not be repeated in a drawing-room in the presence of ladies; that Mr. Roosevelt was always good-natured and jovial, treating every member of the presidential party very cordially at all times. He also declares that Mr. Roosevelt never used intoxicating liquors in any form, and Mr. Dulany made a strong affidavit to that effect at the time of Mr. Roosevelt's famous libel suit.

THE story charging Mr. Roosevelt with being a hard drinker was absurd. Untruthful things were said of him in the same spirit that gossip is retailed about other Presidents of the United States. Only recently I overheard a man say, in a public place: "Roosevelt was always in the habit of swearing like a trooper."

Contrast that man's statement with the testimony given by Mr. Dulany, and with the statement made by Mrs. Clinton in her story in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. During the time that Mrs. Clinton was at Sagamore Hill she never saw even wine served at the family table, or any intoxicating beverages brought into the Roosevelt household. I certainly never discovered any signs of liquor about Mr. Roosevelt, and made an affidavit to that effect at the time of the famous libel suit. Later I received the following letter from him, which shows how he appreciated the way his many friends stood by him so loyally.

THE OUTLOOK,
287 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK,
June 5, 1913.

OFFICE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

My Dear Mr. Cheney :

One of the things which touched me most in connection with the recent libel suit was the way in which my friends stood by and supported me. I was more pleased than I can say to get the deposition which you made and handed it immediately to my lawyer. Fortunately it was not necessary for us to produce all our evidence, as before this time came the defendant retracted the charge and a verdict was returned in my favor.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WHEN President Roosevelt returned from his Western trip June 27th, 1903, he was given a rousing reception by his neighbors. The following report of the lively affair was published in the New York *Tribune*, of June 28th, 1903. It clearly shows the deep affection in which Mr. Roosevelt was always held by his neighbors, and also the President's responsive attitude toward his neighbors which was manifested in every word of his heartfelt speech.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 27.—Bronzed and ruddy from his recent Western Trip President Roosevelt reached here to-day by special train from Long Island City. With him were Secretary Loeb, and Mr. Frank C. Travers, vice-president of the Oyster Bay Board of Trade.

Time and again, as the hour for the arrival of the train approached the detonation of ex-Assemblyman Maurice E. Townsend's anvil salutes defied the lazy calm of the afternoon.

So dense and so agitated became the throng on the platform that the Presidential party had literally to fight its way across the platform to the roadway to join the procession. The President was welcomed by E. Morgan Griffin, president of the Board of Trade, on behalf of the people of Oyster Bay. The President, on foot, was then escorted up Audrey-ave. to the Town Clerk's office.

The special committee of the Board of Trade led the procession, followed by Julius Blum, the marshal, and his aid, Daniel Smith. Then came the members of the Board

of Education, led by its President, A. L. Cheney. These were followed by the scholars of Cove School, which the President's children have attended in charge of Miss Sarah A. Provost, the principal. The pupils of the Oyster Bay School, with other visitors and residents brought up the rear, two bands accompanying the procession. All the pupils flourished miniature flags, most of the little girls being attired in white and many of them bearing garlands.

When the President arrived at the Town Clerk's office Mrs. Roosevelt and Theodore, jr., Ethel, Kermit, Archie and Quentin Roosevelt were already awaiting him on the steps. Mrs. Roosevelt had previously, from the terrace of Christ Episcopal Church, reviewed the parade of the school children as they passed from the Oyster Bay school to the railroad station to greet the President. The welcoming committee had also acted as an escort to her own party, which included Mrs. J. West Roosevelt. Having joined Mrs. Roosevelt at the Town Clerk's office, the President proceeded to unveil the thirty-pound cannon which is a trophy of the Civil War, obtained from the Navy Department by Jerome B. Johnson, the Sheriff of Nassau County. Mounting the steps of the Town Clerk's office and holding his silk hat in his left hand, a favorite attitude, the President then spoke as follows:

My friends and neighbors, I thank you heartily—more heartily than I can express—for your coming out to greet me to-day. I wonder if some of you remember and I shall never forget, the way that you came out to greet me about five years ago, when I got back from Santiago. Since I last saw you I have been across the continent. I have travelled from this shore across the Alleghanies, across the Mississippi Valley to the side of the Great Lakes and over the Rocky Mountains to the shore of the Pacific, and the thing that has struck me most in that journey of nearly fifteen

thousand miles right across the continent has been the essential unity of our people. Wherever an American President goes in the United States he feels himself to be at home and among those who feel as he does, and who have the same ideals to which he can appeal.

Now I am coming back to you whom I know so well. The older among you I have known some thirty years. My children are now growing up and I hope that they will do better than I in keeping out of mischief. Naturally, it pleases me greatly to have you show me the feeling that you have shown this afternoon, and which you have given evidence of, too, so often before. When I get back here I am not the President; I am your old neighbor and friend.

In welcoming you all, I want to say that I am particularly pleased to see and hear the children. You know, I believe in children, and I am mighty glad that the children of Oyster Bay seem to be all right in quality and also in quantity.

Now I shall not make a speech to you, but shall just say again my friends and my neighbors, and those with whom I have lived so long and whom I know so well, and to whom I am knit by such close ties, I thank you from my heart, and I am deeply touched by your greeting this afternoon.

After the President finished his speech he reentered the building and held an informal reception receiving the members of the Board of Trade and shaking hands with each member. In the course of the reception the children in front of the hall sang "God Save Our President."

The trophy cannon unveiled by the President bears a tablet upon which is inscribed:

Civil War Trophy Gun from United States Battleship Cuyler 1861. Presented to the Town of Oyster Bay by U. S. Government and Unveiled by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, June 27, 1903.

THAT Theodore Roosevelt sincerely believed in giving every man a square deal is conclusively shown in the letter following the newspaper article printed below (*italics mine*).

The article is reproduced to explain the situation leading to the letter from Mr. Loeb, and also to show that notwithstanding the fact that I had strong backing and was regarded as qualified to fill the position, and besides was a neighbor of the President, he was still determined to square his actions in the case with his public utterances.

Mr. Roosevelt explained to me at the White House why it had been impossible to appoint me Public Printer as desired by my friends.

(From "Newspaperdom," *H. Craig Dare, Editor: New York, February 13, 1908.*)

The question of Public Printer has again been brought to the surface, and the candidacy of Albert L. Cheney, an old well and favorably known editor and publisher, is advocated notwithstanding the fact that he has refused to permit his name to be used as a "possibility."

Mr. Cheney is known in publishing and printing circles as far away as California. He has hundreds of friends among publishers, men who have known and admired him for years because of his ability and his conservative but progressive ideas. . . .

He knows the printing business in all its intricacies; knows how to use and govern men—knows, in fact, every

detail that enters into the conduct of a great printing industry.

There isn't an unfair or arbitrary bone in his body. He believes in American principles and American workmen. He believes in honesty in all matters,—business, political and otherwise. He is an employer of men and in his day has worked among them. He believes in decent wages to competent men,—believes both workmen and employers have rights that should be respected. He was a member of the Brooklyn Union, and later of "Big Six," when the former was amalgamated with the latter.

Mr. Cheney is a man of ideas and possesses an admirable courage. Unbiased in opinion, he is a man of the right sort of characteristics to make a success in the position, and *Newspaperdom* joins Mr. Cheney's friends in a prayer to the President that his candidacy be seriously considered.

THE WHITE HOUSE,

WASHINGTON,

FEBRUARY, 11, 1908.

My dear Mr. Cheney :

I am in receipt of your letter of the 6th instant. The President has not yet decided to make any change in Public Printer. He is under investigation and the result of the investigation will determine whether a new man will be appointed. *The President feels that if the man whom he has placed temporarily in charge of the office makes good that he would have the call on the place.* All the other places there are civil service appointments; but if the President finds that it is possible to place you there in any capacity it of course will be a pleasure to him to appoint

you. You of course know if I can be of any help to you I shall only be too glad to do what I can.

With regards, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

WM. LOEB, Jr.,
Secretary to the President.

FATHER YORK of Huntington, just over the line from Sagamore Hill, and Father John L. Bellford, formerly pastor of St. Dominic's Church at Oyster Bay, were prime favorites of President Roosevelt, and he enjoyed their company immensely. Father York often dropped over to see "Neighbor Roosevelt," and he always had a number of good stories to tell the President. Father Bellford entered into the local affairs of Oyster Bay with great zest, and was always a welcome guest at Sagamore Hill, or at the White House.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S daily visiting list did not always contain the name of every person that called at Sagamore Hill. For instance, a special audience, without any allotted time, would be granted to a skipper like Captain Joshua Slocum, who sailed around the world in a small boat called the "Spray." Mr. Roosevelt was deeply interested in daring feats of this kind, and

took great delight in listening to adventures spiced with danger.

Newspaper editors were continually granted private audiences with Mr. Roosevelt, for he found these interviews excellent channels through which to keep in direct and constant touch with the pulse of the people.

MR. WILLIAM PRICE, a pioneer Washington newspaper man, who writes under the pen-name of "Bill Price" for the *Washington Times*, has a record of twenty years at the White House, most of the time representing the *Washington Star*. What he can tell about Presidents and prominent officials, especially about Theodore Roosevelt, when Roosevelt was in the White House, would make a library in itself.

Writing of Mr. Roosevelt at the time of his death, Mr. Price said, among other interesting things:

I spent seven and a-half years with him at the White House being on newspaper duty there every day throughout his office hours. I traveled in many parts of the country with him. To me he was the personification of volcanic energy, even to the similarity that nobody ever knew when or where he would "break out."

He walked the "legs off" some of his admirers in long and wearisome walks. He put others out of business by long

horseback rides. He boxed with dexterity with Mike Donovan or anybody else; wrestled with Muldoon and famous Japanese wrestlers; played many of his friends into physical submission in tennis; hunted bear in Louisiana and Mississippi swamps; wolves in Oklahoma; mountain lions in Colorado, and turkeys in Virginia. Below wild turkeys he stopped.

Mr. Patrick McKenna, who resided on Centre Island, near Sagamore Hill, was appointed to a position in the White House in 1902, and is still a member of the executive force. When President Roosevelt left the White House he personally handed to Mr. McKenna a letter of recommendation of which the following is a copy:

THE WHITE HOUSE,

WASHINGTON,

MARCH 3, 1909.

To Whom It May Concern:

P. E. McKenna has served me for five years as assistant door-keeper at the White House. He is absolutely honest, always willing and obliging. I trust him entirely and should certainly have kept him if I were going to continue as President.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

AS PROOF of the prosperity resulting, in a measure, from the Roosevelt boom, may be mentioned the progress made by Mr. Andrew Snouder, an Oyster Bay druggist, who has acquired a whole block of buildings within the past fifteen years, and recently purchased the very desirable hotel property adjoining said block.

Another instance may be cited concerning the late James Moore, who conducted the grocery store over which the summer executive offices were located. Mr. Moore reaped a rich harvest in trade and rent during the Roosevelt *regime*, and his name and store became famous the country over.

Property values were largely enhanced in Oyster Bay and the nearby places owing to the prominence given the town by Mr. Roosevelt. Many farms bought at fancy prices, were converted into country seats. This was particularly true of property adjacent to Sagamore Hill. What is known as Cooper's Bluff was purchased at a big price, and a short time after was resold for double the amount. And hereby hangs a very interesting tale.

A far-sighted contractor bought Cooper's Bluff near Sagamore Hill for the alleged purpose of opening up a sand industry. Oyster Bay is a

strictly residential town. The writer was duly "tipped off," when he first commenced editing the *Oyster Bay Pilot*, being advised to cut out all references to Oyster Bay as a factory town. Consequently when the purchaser of Cooper's Bluff started in to cart machinery through the streets of the village, and erect shanties on the property which was near the President's place, and adjoined other big country estates, the summer colonists and Oyster Bay residents generally were aroused to action. Public meetings were held for the purpose of devising ways and means to head off the objectionable sand industry.

The agitation finally resulted in the wealthy residents forming a pool and buying the property at a big price named by the owner.

WHEN fire destroyed two houses owned by Oyster Bay citizens, Mr. Roosevelt, learning of their misfortune, sent for his two neighbors, and offered to advance the money to rebuild their homes. The offer was accepted. Mr. Roosevelt never charged the men a cent interest, and told them to take their time about paying it back.

Because President Roosevelt did not place an office-holder in every other house in Oyster Bay,

some of the disgruntled politicians said that he never did much for his town and county, but I happen to know that Mr. Roosevelt helped more people in his home town than the public will ever know about. Letters requesting assistance were generally sent to me for investigation. Here is a sample of one out of many;—all names being purposely omitted:

THE WHITE HOUSE,

WASHINGTON,

JANUARY 19, 1904.

My Dear Mr. Cheney:

The enclosed letter from-----in reference to----- explains itself. The President does not recall-----very clearly and has therefore requested me to refer the letter to you and see if you will not communicate with the writer any facts you know in reference to-----.

Thanking you for your kind attention to this matter, I am

Sincerely yours,

WM. LOEB, Jr.,

Secretary to the President.

No matter what the nature of the appeal might be, President Roosevelt always responded, if the parties were deserving.

WHEN Oyster Bay became the summer capital of the nation, and thus was linked to the National capital, it did not, figuratively speaking, thumb its vest holes, and strut around like a pouter pigeon, but took its honors philosophically and naturally, being not at all disturbed by the fun often made at its expense by the newspaper reporters. Nevertheless it thoroughly appreciated the great distinction brought to it by President Roosevelt.

Oyster Bayites do not enthuse easily, but when once aroused, no community in the country can outdo its citizens when it comes to public demonstrations or acts of charity. Public spirited men have taken advantage of the boom long enjoyed by the town, which has resulted in the erection of many fine buildings. The village has also been greatly improved in appearance, and now assumes a metropolitan air.

Another big impetus will be given to Oyster Bay when the million dollar Roosevelt Memorial Park is established on the picturesque shores of the bay. The citizens fully realize what this movement means to the town, and will successfully meet whatever demands may be made upon them to carry out their part of the program.

The people of the community at the present time

hospitably welcome the large influx of strangers arriving daily for the purpose of visiting the grave of Theodore Roosevelt.

THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION was formed to conduct a campaign for the purpose of collecting a fund of \$5,000,000 during the week of October 20th to 27th, 1919.

The plans include a monument at Washington, D. C., and the establishment of a Public Memorial Park at Oyster Bay. The Roosevelt home, with its contents, at Sagamore Hill may be secured eventually, thus preserving it as a National shrine similar to Mount Vernon and the Lincoln home at Springfield, Illinois.

The executive committee of the Association consists of the following widely-known men: Col. William Boyce Thompson, chairman; Joseph W. Alsop, John S. Cravens, Will H. Hays, Irwin R. Kirkwood, William Loeb, Jr., Henry J. Whigham, Albert H. Wiggin, Horace Wilkinson, William Wigby, Jr., and Henry L. Simpson.

Mr. Electus D. Litchfield, the well-known architect, who designed the New York City library, has been engaged by the Memorial Committee to prepare sketches and plans for the proposed Roosevelt Park.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT POST, American Legion, the national organization of American veterans of the Great War, has been organized at Oyster Bay.

The charter bears the signatures of the following Oyster Bay soldier boys, who made application for the new post; Fred. B. Bedell, Homer K. Cooley, Charles R. DeVoe, Rodman Gilder, Frank B. Loving, Jr., Merino Lustornic, John M. McGarr, Charles Miller, William H. Moran, William Parker, Theodore Roosevelt, Edwin J. Ryan, Jr., F. E. Tagliabue, Arthur Valentine, Alfred M. Wright, and Leonard S. Wright. Other soldier boys interested in the Post are: D. A. Phipps, George S. Hornblower, Cecil R. Wilson, Richard P. McCoun, Kermit Roosevelt, and Dr. Richard Derby.

One purpose of the American Legion is explained in a resolution adopted by the National Executive Committee. The resolution was prepared by Bishop Charles H. Brent of Buffalo, N. Y., formerly senior chaplain of the American Expeditionary Forces; Henry Leonard of Colorado, and Dr. Richard Derby of New York. It reads as follows:

Resolved: That The American Legion in accordance with its announced principles as expressed in the Preamble of

its Constitution and in the resolutions adopted by it in caucus assembled, stands squarely against violation or threat of violation of law and order, whether by individuals or aggregations of individuals; that it advocates, and urges upon its membership to advocate, the imposition of full penalties upon violators of the Espionage Act; that it is immutably opposed to and urges its membership to oppose, the admission to the national legislative body or to any other public office, of persons of doubtful loyalty, and more especially of those whose disloyalty has been judicially determined.

More than three thousand posts have been organized at this writing.

Quentin Roosevelt was among the first of the Oyster Bay boys to enlist in the War, and the first to meet his death.

When the President learned that my oldest daughter was to be married, he told me to have her call at the White House with her *fiance* and members of the family. We were cordially received in the Green Room. Drawing a chair up to the group, the President conversed in the most delightful manner for half an hour, referring to what he termed the "Battle of the Letters at Sagamore Hill." He ordered flowers sent from the White House conservatories to the church, for the wedding ceremony.

Eight years after Col. Roosevelt left the White House he was called to Washington concerning important public business. He was due to leave the capital about noon. Being in the vicinity of the railroad station, I hastened through the gates at the Union Station just as the train was about to start. Mr. William Hoster of the *New York American* was standing on the platform and I approached him and expressed regrets at not being able to meet Col. Roosevelt. Although the train was ready to move, the former President chanced to see me through the car window, and leaving the delayed train stepped down to the platform and greeted most cordially an old Oyster Bay neighbor who occupied a humble position in the District Building. He was the same impulsive Roosevelt.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT had full confidence in the people employed in the executive offices. Once he was conversing privately with the late Whitelaw Reid, when an executive clerk entered. Mr. Reid ceased talking. Turning to Mr. Reid the President said:

"Keep right on. We work automatically here."

EAST NORWICH, a picturesque little village adjacent to Oyster Bay, was almost daily favored by the presence of Colonel Roosevelt and members of his family who passed through the place on horseback. Col. Roosevelt always greeted the residents in a very friendly manner.

It was President Roosevelt's request that the arrangements for his funeral should be placed in charge of Mr. Wilbur Johnson, the undertaker at East Norwich, and his wishes were carried out after he died.

Mr. Halstead H. Frost, editor and owner of the East Norwich *Enterprise*, has always been an avowed Roosevelt man, and took an active part in all public functions at Oyster Bay.

President Wilson went to Europe to assist in giving all peoples a "square deal"; our boys went over seas and shed their life-blood in order that all nations might have a "square deal," and now it is up to the peoples of the earth to use "horse sense," by getting together and resolving to give each other "a square deal."

SONGS AND TEARS

*Demonstrations of Regard When President Left
Oyster Bay*

(From the New York Tribune, Oct. 1, 1905.)

Oyster Bay, Sept. 30.—President Roosevelt had tears in his eyes while he thanked his neighbors who had gathered at the railroad station here this morning to bid him farewell on his return to Washington. On no previous occasion had he shown such signs of emotion. He told the villagers that he appreciated their demonstrations of friendship on this and other occasions more than he could possibly express, and that they have been very helpful to him.

The whole village was decorated in honor of the President, the decorations being especially lavish in East Main-st., Audrey-ave. and the road leading to the village from Sagamore Hill. The decoration at the station, over the main entrance consisted of a large shield formed of an American flag, on either side of which were a Japanese and Russian flag. Surmounting the shield was a white dove bearing in its mouth an olive branch. A passageway had been roped off through which the President and his family passed from the carriage to the train.

On either side of the ropes were ranged twenty young women, who constitute the Roosevelt Club. They were dressed in white and each wore a red white and blue badge with a long streamer. All the choirs and all the school children of the village were there and each had a leaflet on which was printed, "Farewell to Our Neighbor, President Roosevelt," and underneath the words of the hymn, "God Be with You Till We Meet Again." The choirs and children sang the hymn as the President boarded the train.

The President stood on the platform of the rear car holding in his hand a printed card containing the hymn printed below and joined heartily in the singing.

FAREWELL TO OUR NEIGHBOR,
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1905

God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide uphold you,
With his flock securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confront you,
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

(To be sung after last verse.)

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet in fellowship sweet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

MR. ROOSEVELT died at Sagamore Hill at 4:15, Monday morning, January 6th, 1919, while he lay asleep. The cause of his death was given as pulmonary embolism.

Dr. William Gerry Morgan explained a pulmonary embolism as follows:

"It is the passing of a blood clot into the pulmonary artery, then passing on until it reaches an artery too small to pass, thus cutting off the circulation."

For many months Colonel Roosevelt had been treated by the most eminent surgeons and medical men of the country, but it is said the malady baffled the skill of the physicians. While at the Roosevelt Hospital, Colonel Roosevelt had a number of serious operations performed.

The belief is quite generally expressed that Mr. Roosevelt's system was filled with poison during the South American expedition.

THE funeral ceremonies in Christ Church, on Wednesday, January 8th, were deeply impressive.

The ritual started with the reading of the ceremonial followed by Psalms 39 and 90; then the reading of the 15th Chapter of the 1st Corinthians as the scripture lesson. Rev. George E. Talmadge,

rector, recited Colonel Roosevelt's favorite hymn, No. 636 in the Episcopal Hymnal, "How Firm A Foundation Ye Saints of the Lord." This was followed by the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and other supplications. Music was entirely dispensed with.

Many of Colonel Roosevelt's neighbors being unable to enter the little Church, stood outside in the snow, with bowed heads. Grief was depicted upon every face.

The immediate relatives at the funeral included Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Capt. Archibald Roosevelt, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Mrs. Ethel Roosevelt Derby, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati. Capt. Kermit Roosevelt and Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., sent cablegrams from Europe, where they were stationed with the American forces.

Other relatives at the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Robinson, Rear-Admiral W. S. Cowles, a brother-in-law of Colonel Roosevelt; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Astor, Mr. W. Emlen Roosevelt, Mr. John C. Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. E. Reeve Merrit, Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Langdon Warner, Mrs. Hilborn D. Roosevelt, Mr. John E. Roosevelt, Mrs. Fairman Dick, Mrs. Moncure Robinson, Mrs. Langdon Gear, Mrs. James

Roosevelt, Mrs. Fred Roosevelt, and Mrs. Samuel Roosevelt.

Vice President Thomas R. Marshall, represented President Wilson at the funeral. General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff, represented the United States Army and Admiral Winslow, the Navy. There were also a number of diplomatic representatives.

Governor Alfred E. Smith and his staff, of New York, were among the distinguished persons at the funeral. A Congressional delegation from Washington also attended.

A silver plate on the plain oaken coffin bore the inscription:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BORN OCTOBER 27, 1858. DIED JANUARY 6, 1919.

The burial was in Young's Memorial Cemetery, on a beautiful knoll overlooking Long Island Sound. The plot was selected by Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt directly after Mr. Roosevelt left the White House. The grave is guarded night and day by Lieut. C. P. Reynolds, a watchman employed for that purpose, alternating with another soldier.

The grave has been enclosed with an iron fence eight feet high. Entrance to the plot is now through a gate which is to be kept locked.



Where the "Summer White House" was located,
over Moore's Grocery Store.



From the Broadway Magazine, September, 1907.

Upper picture shows the President and Mrs. Roosevelt
leaving church.

Beneath is interior of Christ Church at Oyster Bay
where the funeral services were held.



WILLIAM CRAIG
(Wearing silk hat)

Head of Secret Service Force, acting as body-guard to
President Roosevelt. He gave his life for Roosevelt
in an accident at Pittsfield, Mass.

(See poem on page 66)



(Picture taken two days after the burial, and photo printed by courtesy of Lieut. Reynolds.)
Grave of Theodore Roosevelt in Youngs' Memorial Cemetery, Oyster Bay, showing
Lieut. C. T. Reynolds in charge.

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL PARK

Electus D. Litchfield, the architect, an old friend and neighbor of Theodore Roosevelt, speaking of the Roosevelt Memorial says that "the committee charged with doing something at Oyster Bay has determined to push this work through as rapidly as possible." Mr. Litchfield also said:

"Among the features which Mr. Loeb and other members of the committee have definitely suggested as desirable were a play-ground equipped with swings and other apparatus for the use of children, a baseball diamond and a grand stand, tennis courts, bathing beach, and possibly a public bathhouse. In addition to these recreational and more or less utilitarian features, it has been suggested that the park should contain an open-air forum, fountain, lagoons, and other features of a dignified memorial character."

"Col. Roosevelt was responsible for the great McKim-Burnham plan for the development and beautification of Washington, for the simple and charming restoration of the White House, and for the adoption by the Government of a new standard of artistic accomplishment in the design of our American money. It was appropriate, therefore, that we endeavor to make this memorial as beautiful and as dignified as art and our appropriation will permit."

**CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD OF THEODORE
ROOSEVELT'S CAREER**

-
- 1858—Born, October 27, in New York city, son of Theodore and Martha Bulloch Roosevelt.
 - 1876—Matriculated at Harvard University.
 - 1880—Graduated from Harvard University.
 - 1880—Married to Miss Alice Hathaway Lee, daughter of George Cabot Lee.
 - 1882—Published his first book, "The Naval War of 1812."
 - 1882—Elected to New York State legislature, and elected minority floor leader.
 - 1884—Delegate to Republican national convention as chairman of New York delegation. Opposed Blaine's nomination.
 - 1884—Determined to get out of politics and went to North Dakota to take up ranch life.
 - 1884—February, mother and wife died within few hours of each other.
 - 1886—Nominated for mayor of New York and defeated.
 - 1886—Married in London to Miss Edith Kermit Carow, daughter of Charles Carow, of New York.
 - 1889-1895—Civil service commissioner.
 - 1895-1897—President of the New York police board.
 - 1897-1898—Assistant Secretary of the Navy.
 - 1898—Lieutenant colonel of the Rough Riders.
 - 1898—Promoted to colonel for gallantry in battle of Las Guasimas.
 - 1898—Elected Governor of New York.
 - 1900—Elected Vice President of the United States.
 - 1901—Succeeded to the Presidency, September 14.
 - 1902—Settled anthracite coal strike.

1904—Elected President of the United States.

1904—November 8, announced that under no circumstances would he accept another nomination for Presidency.

1906—Awarded Nobel peace prize for efforts in ending the Russo-Japanese war.

1907—December 11, repeated his pledge of November 8, 1904.

1909—March 4, concluded his second term as President and returned to private life.

1909—March 23, left for Africa on hunting trip.

1910—April 21, visited President Fallieres, in Paris.

1910—May 10, received by Emperor William, at Potsdam.

1910—May 20, special envoy at funeral of King Edward.

1910—May 30, delivered speech on Egypt in London.

1910—June 18, given ovation in New York on return from European tour and African hunting trip.

1910—September 27, elected temporary chairman New York State Republican convention.

1912—February 25, announced to "seven governors" that he would accept the presidential nomination if tendered him.

1912—June 14, left Oyster Bay for Republican national convention in Chicago.

1912—June 15, accorded great ovation by his supporters in Chicago.

1912—June 22, defeated for Republican nomination for President.

1912—June 22, chosen as candidate at mass meeting of Progressives in Orchestra Hall, Chicago.

1912—July 7, call issued for "National Progressive Party" convention at Chicago, August 5.

1912—August 5, returned to Chicago for Progressive party convention.

- 1912—August 7, nominated for President by National Progressive party at its convention.
- 1912—October 14, wounded at Milwaukee by anti-third-term fanatic.
- 1912—October 15, taken to hospital in Chicago.
- 1912—October 21, left hospital for home at Oyster Bay, N. Y.
- 1912—October 30, resumed speechmaking, addressing New York city voters.
- 1913—Published autobiography and toured South America, delivering many addresses.
- 1913—May 31, judgment rendered in his favor at Marquette, Mich., in suit for libel against G. H. Newett, who during presidential campaign of 1912 charged him with intoxication.
- 1914—At head of exploring party discovered and explored for 600 miles tributary of Madeira River which Brazilian government named in his honor, "Reo Theodoro." Visited Madrid, Spain, and in London lectured before Royal Geographic Society.
- 1915—May 22, jury at Syracuse, N. Y., rendered verdict in his favor in suit brought by William Barnes, jr. of Albany, N. Y., for alleged libelous utterances.
- 1915—At Plattsburg business men's training camp violently criticized President Wilson's conduct of foreign affairs. Speech drew upon Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, commanding camp, rebuke from Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War, for permitting delivery of "political speech." Thereafter advocated military preparedness and more aggressive foreign policy.
- 1916—Nominated by "Bull Moose Convention" at Chicago for Presidency; declined nomination and actively supported Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate.

- 1917—After declaration of war against Germany called at White House and commended President Wilson's war message to Congress. Later offered to raise a division of troops beyond conscription age for service in France.
- 1918—January 22, arrived in Washington on last visit, coming, as he expressed it, "to help speed up the war."
- 1918—January 24, at National Press Club, in last public address in Washington defended right to criticize administration's conduct of the war.
- 1919—January 6, died.



OLD residents prided themselves on meeting and greeting President Roosevelt. He was always glad to see them. "Uncle Amos" Boreum, an old stage driver, now dead, gave little "Teddy" many rides on top of his coach in the early days, and the President always kept him in mind. Mr. Boreum's wife was a cousin of the famous "Fighting Phil Sheridan." "Uncle Jake" White, another old resident, who drove a depot wagon, always had access to the grounds at Sagamore Hill.



FAMOUS RACE SUICIDE LETTER

IF A MAN OR WOMAN, through no fault of his or hers, goes throughout life denied those highest of all joys which spring only from home life, from the having and bringing up of many healthy children, I feel for them deep and respectful sympathy. . . . But the man or woman who deliberately avoids marriage and has a heart so cold as to know no passion and a brain so shallow and selfish as to dislike having children, is in effect a criminal against the race and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people. . . . If the men of the nation are not anxious to work in many different ways, with all their might and strength, and ready and able to fight at need, and anxious to be fathers of families, and if the women do not recognize that the greatest thing for any woman is to be a good wife and mother, why, that nation has cause to be alarmed about its future.”—From President Roosevelt’s famous Race Suicide letter, addressed October 18, 1902, to Mrs. Bessie Van Horst, Philadelphia; published as a preface in the book, *“The Woman Who Toils.”*

“Stand Up for Americanism.”



On the accompanying page is an extract from

Theodore Roosevelt's Last Message

Sent eight hours before his death.

THE MESSAGE appeared in the first edition of these MEMOIRS soon after it was read. Since that time it has gone into hundreds of households and in many public libraries, having been read by thousands of admiring Americans. The message should be placed in every home.

The author of this book is very glad to have had a hand in the distribution of this ringing message to the American people.

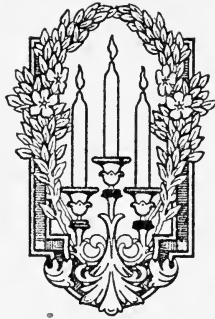
STAND UP FOR "AMERICANISM," was the last plea made by Colonel Roosevelt. This last message to the American people was delivered at the all-American benefit concert given by the American Defense Society at the Hippodrome in New York on January 5, 1919, and because of the Colonel's indisposition, it was read by Mr. Henry C. Quimby, a trustee of the society. The message which has the true Roosevelt ring, said:

There must be no sagging back in the fight for Americanism merely because the war is over. There are plenty of persons who have already made the assertion that they believe the American people have a short memory and that they intend to revive all the foreign associations which most directly interfere with the complete organization of our people.

Our principle in this matter should be absolutely simple. In the first place, we should insist that if the immigrant who comes here in good faith becomes an American and assimilates himself to us, he shall be treated on an exact equality with everyone else, for it is an outrage to discriminate against any such man because of creed, or birthplace or origin.

But this is predicated upon the man's becoming in fact an American and nothing but an American. If he tries to keep segregated with men of his own origin and separated from the rest of America, then he isn't doing his part as an American.

There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization just as much as it excludes any flag of a nation to which we are hostile.



“PUT OUT THE LIGHT, PLEASE”

(Last Words of Theodore Roosevelt)

“Put out the light, please.” These were the last words he said on whom now light eternal shines. For him no burden of the slow and fading years, with consciousness of an impending blow; the sword of Damocles above his head about to fall and bring oblivion. No, it were best to go while still the strength of his great manhood unabated stood and matched his mighty spirit, which untamed by strain and travel of the passing days still sprang toward longed for action. When it seemed the time was ripe to serve his country best; now he rests. His work on earth was done, else he had stayed to finish it. No life goes back to its Maker incomplete, though our earthly eyes not always read the story to its end. The end for him is but the beginning of a sure presage of immortality. Such souls were never made to be destroyed, but to go on and on to wider fields and newer achievements, fitted to the powers which here on earth were as a sacred trust held blameless, stainless and inviolate.

—*The Liberal News, Kansas*

ADDENDA

Copyright, 1920

by

ALBERT LOREN CHENEY

ADDENDA



WHEN the author of these memoirs decided to write his impressions of the late Colonel Roosevelt, he started out with the sole purpose of making the book a fragmentary compilation of *truthful* and *interesting* incidents in the hope that the inside facts regarding Colonel Roosevelt's home life, and the intense human side of the man, might be an uplift and an inspiration to every reader of the book, especially to the young men of the country, thereby assisting in keeping alive the vigorous American spirit always evinced and espoused by Mr. Roosevelt.

In a disquisition on pedants and history, Colonel Roosevelt once said: "I have enough good sense, or obstinacy, or something, to retain a subconscious belief that inasmuch as books were meant to be read, good books ought to be *interesting*, and the best books capable in addition of *giving one a lift upward in some direction.*" To a prominent author who had written an American

history to his liking, Roosevelt wrote: "You are one of the few blessed exceptions to the rule that the readable historian is not *truthful*."

During the time that Colonel Roosevelt was passing rapidly from one stage of public life to another, it was the principal part of the author's business, as a newspaper man and neighbor to make daily notes of his coming and going to and from Oyster Bay, and also to participate in all the public functions in his honor. This close contact with the man gave the writer a correct insight into his habits and manners; therefore whatever else may be said of the subjoined memoirs, the incidents are at least *true to life*. The greatest and most highly prized compliment paid to these memoirs was that expressed by Mrs. Roosevelt, who, after perusing the book, wrote: "All the old days came back with the little book."

THE cartoonist naturally claims the right to distort and magnify a person's individuality, the reporter is often licensed to exaggerate and accentuate a man's traits, and thus the reader frequently receives a wrong impression of the true character of many public men, notably Roosevelt, whose constant activity and strong personality made him a good target for both pen and pencil.

Mr. Julian Street, in his book, "The Most Interesting American," writing of his first meeting with Roosevelt, says he felt a slight disappointment. "I did not expect him to be attired in the khaki of the cavalry, or to be heavily armed, but," says Mr. Street, "I did expect him to be—what shall I say?—to be more like the cartoons, to be somehow wilder-looking." He said he had not expected Colonel Roosevelt to be like a conservative banker of Amsterdam or The Hague, but that was what he made him think of as he sat behind his office desk.

CERTAIN press agents use the term "The Fighting Roosevelts," when as a matter of fact "The Peaceful Roosevelts" would better describe the family. Roosevelt was not a fighter in the sense that he sought or courted war, but was ready to respond promptly to the call of duty. While he seemed to carry the "chip of State" on his shoulder when President of the United States, and dared the other nations to knock it off, it was his dauntless courage and not his belligerent attitude that kept this country out of trouble. He was both feared and admired by other rulers.

Lew Dockstader, the famous minstrel, once impersonated Roosevelt on the stage in a very life-

like sketch. Among other manufactured sayings he attributed to Roosevelt was this:

“The—reason—there—was—no—war—when—I—was—President—was—because—the—other—fell-ows — were — too — busy-e — watching—ME!”

THE late Jacob Riis, once designated as “the first citizen,” and counted one of Roosevelt’s greatest friends, had a better conception of Colonel Roosevelt’s true character than most men who were intimately acquainted with the ex-President. They were very similar in their likes and dislikes—in fact the word “chummy” might be applicable as to the relationship between the two men. The writer can recall an incident to illustrate: When former President Roosevelt attended services at Christ Church in Oyster Bay, it was customary for the congregation to remain seated until the President and his family left the church. The usher’s duties were extremely strenuous. One Sunday a rather rough-looking man persisted in crowding his way through the door, and was told to stand back until the President had passed. As the usher was in the act of forcing the intruder to one side, he heard Mr. Roosevelt shout heartily:

"Hello, Jake! By George I'm mighty glad to see you!" and grasping the "intruder" by the hand President Roosevelt exclaimed: "Come on down to lunch."

When the usher discovered that the man was Jacob Riis, he wilted and dropped into a pew. As the two men left the room arm in arm, Riis nodded in the direction of the discomfited usher and said in an undertone to Roosevelt: "Pipe the usher!" Roosevelt, who enjoyed the situation immensely, laughingly replied: "Stung!" and both men left the church chuckling like a couple of school boys.

THE CRUCIAL TEST of a man's true character is, after all, found in the traits he displays in the family circle from day to day. Colonel Roosevelt in this regard was 100 per cent. perfect. The testimony of every person connected with the Roosevelt household bears out this statement. Among the persons privileged to enjoy studying Colonel Roosevelt in the inner circle of his home, is Mrs. Ralph Stuart Clinton, of Washington, D. C., formerly secretary to Mr. Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill. Her interesting experience published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is now included in these memoirs.

(From the Ladies' Home Journal, October, 1919)

"AS A GIRL SAW
THEODORE ROOSEVELT"

By MRS. RALPH STUART CLINTON

(Who, as Miss Amy Cheney, was formerly Secretary to Colonel Roosevelt, at Sagamore Hill)



FIRST met Colonel Roosevelt, wearing his characteristic smile, in the editorial rooms of my father at Oyster Bay, by appointment. He needed the services of a secretary, he told me. He asked me several questions and, being seemingly satisfied with my answers, wanted to know how soon I could begin.

"Tomorrow morning," I replied.

"Fine! That's the way to talk. I will send a conveyance for you in the morning," he said.

When I arrived at Sagamore Hill the following morning, Colonel Roosevelt hailed me and, hurrying to the side of the conveyance, took my typewriting machine and proceeded to his workroom (known as the gun room). When I mildly remonstrated and remarked that the machine was pretty heavy, he replied that he had carried heavier things than that!

Having been brought up in a newspaper atmosphere, and trained in the work, my experience stood me in good stead at Sagamore Hill. A veritable avalanche of letters showered upon Mr. Roosevelt. He tried to get additional clerical assistance from the village and failed. Finally, in sheer desperation, he gave me dictation enough to last several days, and then shipped a barrel of letters to New York, following later to dictate to stenographers in the city. Before expressing the barrel of letters he glanced at it and, with one of his characteristic smiles, exclaimed:

"By Jove! I think I should label that 'Power of the Press.' It certainly is mightier than the sword!"

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were very thoughtful and considerate of everyone and of each other, being exceedingly appreciative of anything that was done for them. Their home life was ideal. There was nothing to jar, not an unpleasant incident all the time I was with the family. They insisted that I should eat at the family table, and treated me accordingly in every way. The Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt were in the habit of taking a "constitutional" early every morning, walking around the wide varanda arm in arm, rain or shine, as merry as two children.

Colonel Roosevelt was always gentlemanly. I never heard him use a harsh or a vulgar word. He was particularly fond of his children, and would stop in the midst of dictation, every afternoon at four o'clock, and leave the room, after which strange noises proceeded from the nursery. He was playing bear with baby Quentin on the bed!

MR. ROOSEVELT'S dictation was vigorous and pointed. He insisted upon accuracy, and would read and punctuate a letter even to the insertion of a semicolon. Sometimes in the middle of a letter he would pause, lost in thought, seemingly miles away. At such times I always kept very quiet. Mr. Roosevelt would rouse himself suddenly, jump up and pace the floor and straighten out the rugs with the toe of his shoe, dictating rapidly, shooting out his words like charges from a Gatling gun.

If a letter to him was particularly vituperative or unreasonable, he would drop it on the floor or crush it in his hand without comment.

He answered every letter written to him, if couched in decent language. He read only those of a personal character; the others were subdivided and classified as "charity," "appointments," "political," etc., with a typed notation

containing the meat of the letter. From these notations he dictated very rapidly, often giving double dictation. After dictating letters he would turn and resume dictation to another stenographer, from a magazine, in the same room, alternating the dictation hour after hour.

Sometimes Archie, aged five, would rush into the room with pencil and paper and ask to be dictated to; and Colonel Roosevelt, never out of patience with his children, would remark: "Now, Archie, only *two* at a time, please!"

COLONEL and Mrs. Roosevelt loved humor. I recall that Oppen, the cartoonist, once sent a book of his cartoons. One of the Oppen cartoons pictured little Willie McKinley and Teddy Roosevelt, the latter dressed in his Rough Rider suit. Mr. Roosevelt laughed in his heartiest manner over this cartoon. He showed it to Mrs. Roosevelt, and they laughed at it together. Mrs. Roosevelt took the book, and kept coming back to show the Colonel another one, and would say: "Theodore, you *must* see this one!" Then they would have another laugh.

Colonel Roosevelt frequently recalled the "Battle of the Letters" at Sagamore Hill, as he always termed it; spoke of Archie, who used to try every

subterfuge imaginable to remain when his father was dictating, and referred to the time when Archie, loath to leave the room, circled the air with his right hand and yelled: "Father! I nearly caught a fly!" As it was midwinter the subterfuge pleased the Colonel immensely.

ONCE a year it was Mr. Roosevelt's custom to receive the reporters in his study at Sagamore Hill. These informal receptions were always looked forward to with the keenest delight by the newspaper boys, who perked up and appeared in evening dress.

They sat in a circle in front of Mr. Roosevelt, similar to the formation of a minstrel troupe, with Colonel Roosevelt seated facing them like an interlocutor. Although he did not smoke himself, he would always pass around cigars first and personally light a match for each reporter. Then he would settle down in his chair and spin exciting yarns for an hour or more in true Roosevelt fashion.

The fingers of every reporter present tingled with a desire to write these stories, but they were in honor bound to keep faith with their host. One of the reporters present, whose paper was fiercely assailing Mr. Roosevelt at the time, told another

reporter that his wife was an ardent admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, and that she would do almost anything in the world to procure his picture and autograph. This fact was communicated to Mr. Roosevelt, who turned to Loeb and said:

"Loeb, send up one of my best pictures for autograph and mail it to the address of that man's wife!" And the favored reporter frankly admitted that this generous act took all the bitterness against Mr. Roosevelt out of his pen.

ALL the members of the Roosevelt household were very close-mouthed. On account of Mr. Roosevelt's ceaseless activity and frankness, the air was continually surcharged with good stories that never reached the newspapers.

ALTHOUGH impulsive, Mr. Roosevelt was always cool when danger threatened. One night a conference of international importance was being held at Sagamore Hill, attended by several of the most prominent men in the country, who had arrived on a yacht moored at the Roosevelt landing. The conference lasted until nearly midnight, when suddenly the lights went out and the whole house was shrouded in darkness. The guests sprang to their feet in excitement. Mr. Roosevelt coolly remarked:

"Gentlemen, please remain quiet and I will investigate."

Hearing heavy footsteps in the hall, Colonel Roosevelt passed through the study to the door and snapped out "Who's there?"—ready to spring.

"It's me," replied Seaman, superintendent of the Roosevelt estate. He had been in the kitchen and had rushed in to ascertain the trouble, which proved to be a defective pipe leading to the gas tank. Lights were improvised, and the conference continued, Colonel Roosevelt remarking:

"By Jove, gentlemen, that sudden transition surely got me for a second!"

MR. ROOSEVELT was extremely sensitive when his honor was questioned. While governor he had an important impeachment case to decide and was in conference at Sagamore Hill with the attorney general, when the morning and evening newspaper reporters arrived at Sagamore Hill. It was customary for each newspaper contingent to select a spokesman from the number. Mr. Roosevelt had promised to give out a joint interview with all the reporters. One reporter representing the evening papers, becoming overzealous and restless, approached Mr. Roosevelt and said: "You are sure, Governor, that you

will not give out the information to the morning men first?"

Mr. Roosevelt wheeled about, his teeth gleaming, and barked out:

"Look here, my friend, don't think because you're a fool, I'm one!"

"But my people down below," stammered the reporter.

"Well, if your people down *below*" (with great emphasis on the word *below*) "haven't any sense, you ought to have some."

Shortly after Mr. Roosevelt stepped up to the young man and said:

"My good fellow, I allow no one to question my word, but as you seem to be only overanxious in fulfilling your duty, I forgive you."

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S thoughtfulness for others was proverbial. A big reception was to be held at Sagamore Hill, and one of the members of the reception committee suggested that the reporters be placed in a roped inclosure. When the President saw the inclosure being put up he exclaimed rather testily:

"Not for one minute! Don't rope in those reporters like a lot of cattle. Give them the unrestricted run of the lawn!"

Mr. Roosevelt brought more grist to the newspaper mill than any other public man. He never snubbed or grew impatient with a reporter if the reporter was on the square.

MR. ROOSEVELT greatly admired the energy and ingenuity displayed by the newspaper men in securing a story, especially if they obtained a "scoop." A prominent London newspaper commissioned one of its American staff to go to Sagamore Hill to obtain an exclusive interview with President Roosevelt by special appointment, regarding an international question. The reporters on duty at Oyster Bay obtained a tip concerning the Englishman's trip, and immediately set about getting the story. They discovered that one of their number understood telegraphy, and it was left to him to make good. The reporters waited until the Englishman had filed his story at the telegraph office, and then the scout reporter sauntered in, seated himself at the reporters' table and took the Englishman's exclusive story hot from the key as it was sent to be cabled to London. The next morning all the New York papers carried the "exclusive interview" simultaneously with the London paper. When the incident was mentioned to Mr. Roosevelt he laughed heartily, remarking:

"By Jove! You can't beat the American reporter."

COLONEL ROOSEVELT and Secretary Loeb referred all Oyster Bay home affairs to the local editor, such as receptions, begging letters, and securing rooms for members of the executive force, the editor also acting as sort of an "information bureau" for the city newspapers.

One day the local scribe received a real shock in the form of the following telegram from the New York *Herald*:

"It is reported that Mrs. Roosevelt has discarded corsets. Ascertain whether true or not."

The telegram was sent to Sagamore Hill through the governess. When Mrs. Roosevelt was handed the message she showed it to Mr. Roosevelt, and both laughed heartily; and Mrs. Roosevelt smiled and said:

"They have me confounded with an Empress in Europe."

It was thought that the first lady in the land had instituted a dress reform that might revolutionize American society.

SPEAKING of her first trip to Sagamore Hill Mrs. Clinton says:

"Arrangements had been made on Saturday for me to go to Sagamore Hill the following Monday.

I had all day Sunday to think about the new position, and to wonder if I would be able to suit Colonel Roosevelt. I became rather nervous about it. Ordinarily, the trip to Sagamore Hill would have pleased me very much, as it is a beautiful drive of three miles from the village, but on Monday I tortured myself most of the way with thoughts of how I would feel if I failed to make good, and by the time I arrived at the house I had become exceedingly nervous, when suddenly I heard a cheery voice calling "Good morning!" to me from the porch, and Colonel Roosevelt hurried forward. The next thing I knew I was walking along with Mr. Roosevelt, up the stairs, and while he chatted and joked, my nervousness disappeared completely. I never thought about it after I heard Colonel Roosevelt's kind, cheery voice. All I remember is that I worked like mad trying to keep up with the mass of letters that poured in every day.

"I found the Roosevelt home a real home. An air of comfort and happiness pervaded the place, and affairs of the household ran smoothly, without an apparent hitch. The large fireplaces in which huge logs were burning, gave a very cheerful aspect to the big rooms. I knew, before I saw anyone in the Roosevelt household, that harmony and happiness prevailed there."

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A FEW COMMENTS ON THE ROOSEVELT MEMOIRS FROM THE PEOPLE

"A fine work. A wonderful man as your subject—one of the greatest the world has ever produced. I congratulate you on your good judgment and taste in the preparation of this volume."—*Dr. Cary T. Grayson, Physician to President Wilson.*

"I am very glad to have it in my library."—*Former President William Howard Taft.*

"An extremely interesting book. I read your splendid work with care and much interest. It has been a source of great pleasure to me to get these personal touches of our dear friend's life."—*Admiral W. S. Braisted, Surgeon General, U. S. N.*

"I shall read it with a great deal of pleasure, as Roosevelt's life will be an inspiration to sturdy Americans for many years to come."—*C. W. Kutz, Lt. Col., Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., Engineer Commissioner, D. C.*

"Washington, D. C., November 15, 1919.—Your vivid portrayal more firmly instilled my admiration for 'The Greatest American of them All.' I shall place it in my library as one of its cherished volumes. Might I express the wish that every student could be the possessor of a copy of your book or at least have an opportunity to read it, in the belief that its ring of pure Americanism would appeal to all."—*Chas. T. Cotton, Senior, Western High School.*

"Oyster Bay, L. I., November 25, 1919.—Many thanks for the book from Baby Quentin and myself. I read it with a great deal of interest."—*Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.*

"Atlantic City, N. J., December 18, 1919.—I was delightfully surprised to receive your book so beautifully inscribed. I enjoyed every word of it. You have given the public a fine work, and at a time when such things are needed to help people think right."—*Mrs. Alice Farish.*

"Washington, D. C., December 6, 1919.—You have done a very useful piece of work to produce a contribution of value on the life of the ex-President."—*Rev. John Van Schaick, Jr., President Board of Education of the District of Columbia.*

"The Concord, Minneapolis, Minn., January 9, 1920.—Your 'Personal Memoirs of Theodore Roosevelt' has been

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received. It rivets our attention, and we find it most interesting. It passed through the hands of a few intimate friends, who all say: 'The *best* we have read.' Your personal association with the Great American adds the greatest interest."—*Mrs. Grace W. Smith.*

"Bowdoinham, Maine, December 14, 1919.—Every full-blooded American ought to have your 'Personal Memoirs of Theodore Roosevelt.' The Colonel was an American through and through. I wish we had more of just such men. I think that every family in America ought to have one of your books."—*Cyrus J. Greene.*

"Washington, D. C., December 22, 1919.—Just the formal phrase of 'thank you' does not near express my feelings regarding your Roosevelt book. I have found it very interesting. You have written a book of which you should be proud."—*Master G. Ross Popkins.*

"Washington, D. C., December 19, 1919.—I love to read about Roosevelt and his family. I wish that I could do something for you that would please you as much as that book has pleased me. My mother has purchased one to send to the library at Reedsburg, Wis."—*Master Frank A. Gunther, Jr.*

"Office Collector of Customs, New York City.—You have worked into it many personal little touches that one does not often get in a book of that sort."—*Hon. Byron R. Newton, Collector of Customs.*

"Oyster Bay, L. I., October 29, 1919.—I was very much pleased to receive the 'Personal Memoirs of Theodore Roosevelt.' I shall certainly cherish it, as it is a very lovely book."—*Miss Jennie Underhill.*

[The following letter alludes to an incident in the Memoirs wherein Roosevelt is described as addressing a Brotherhood meeting.]

"Oyster Bay, L. I., March 3, 1920.—I am reading your most interesting book on Theodore Roosevelt, and of course have special interest in page 92. I attended that meeting in the Methodist Church, and during Roosevelt's talk I noticed that he had a piece of paper which I supposed contained references. After the service I asked him if he would give me the paper that he had just put in his Bible, and he said: 'May I ask what you intend doing with it?' When I told him that I wished it for a keepsake, he said:

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"With pleasure!" I have the paper, which contains three or four Bible references, and his signature, in a safe deposit box."—*Calvin B. Velsor, Contractor and Builder.*

FROM THE PULPIT

"Castile, N. Y., November 29, 1919.—I read everything I can get about Theodore Roosevelt, one of the three greatest Americans that ever lived. Your close-up view of the great President and the very interesting way you have written these Memoirs remind me of Boswell's life of Doctor Johnson, whom you will remember, seemed to make Johnson live again. And you have made Roosevelt very real, and I appreciate the book more than I can tell."—*Geo. W. Cook, the Singing Evangelist.*

"Washington, D. C., November 22, 1919.—I have just this moment found opportunity to look over your book, 'Personal Memoirs of Theodore Roosevelt,' and am so thoroughly delighted with it that I feel I must send a word of thanks to you at once. At first glance it appears to me the most interesting book I have seen on the life of this great American. The close-up view which you have been able to give through your intimate acquaintance with his everyday life and political campaigns is the thing we all want, and I hope that every admirer of Roosevelt may be able to read this book."—*Rev. Chas. A. Shreve, Pastor McKendree M. E. Church.*

"Walter Reed U. S. Army General Hospital, Washington, December 5, 1919.—After a very careful and interesting reading of your volume of 'Personal Memoirs,' I can truly say that it is multum in parvo. It has that essential characteristic which all biographies should possess, namely: a personal touch, and by reason of this characteristic the lamented Mr. Roosevelt lives in the various incidents which you have recorded so faithfully."—*Rev. E. Holmes Lamar, Chaplain, U. S. A.*

FROM THE PRESS

"The one who knows a great man in his own community and home life is the one who can write the story about him that will appeal to the largest class of readers. Such a

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story is 'Personal Memoirs of the late Theodore Roosevelt,' by Albert Loren Cheney. * * * It is a book many will like to own for its very simplicity; for its delineation, as by a series of snapshots of the man, Roosevelt, as his friends and his neighbors knew and loved him, rather than as the great public character."—*Waterbury (Conn.) American*, January 3, 1920.

"Mr. Cheney attempts nothing elaborate. His book is a collection of anecdotes, dates and appreciations written and collected by a man who knew the Colonel in his home life at Sagamore Hill."—*New York Sun*.

"The Signal editor has received a copy of the newest and best Roosevelt book, compiled and printed by Albert L. Cheney, of Washington, an old friend and home associate of the late Colonel. It is an attractive volume, bound in neat style and should be on the table of every American."—*South Side Signal*, Babylon, L. I., December 12, 1919.

"A volume of a good deal of human interest is Albert L. Cheney's 'Personal Memoirs of the Home Life of the late Theodore Roosevelt.' Mr. Cheney was editor of the Oyster Bay Pilot and knew Col. Roosevelt as one friendly neighbor knows another, and also as a newspaper man knows a public character with whom he is thrown into close contact. These recollections are fragmentary and most informal, and perhaps of greater value because of their unpretentious character."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Express*, January 28, 1920.

"* * * The author is no novice in the art of writing—practically his whole life has been devoted to that work. * * * The stories are full of human interest."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

East Greenwich, R. I., Feb. 26, 1920.—Albert L. Cheney, a native of this place, has recently published a book entitled "Personal Memoirs of the Home Life of the late Theodore Roosevelt." In an autographed copy to the Editor of the *Pendulum* he pays a fine tribute to his former home town. The book is well written and contains a large number of interesting photographs.—*Fay R. Hunt, Editor Pendulum, East Greenwich, R. I.*

GENERAL COUNSEL
FRED BEALL

HONORARY PRESIDENT
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

DEPOSITARY
SECOND NATIONAL BANK

The American Cross of Honor

INCORPORATED BY
ACT OF CONGRESS
MAY 1, 1906

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ANDREW M. TAYLOR, Secretary

WASHINGTON, D.C.

October 25, 1919.

As the celebrated Doctor Samuel Johnson had his Roswell, so it may be said that Theodore Roosevelt had his Albert Loren Cheney, for in an interesting little volume entitled "Personal Memoirs of The Home Life of the Late Theodore Roosevelt, as Soldier, Governor, Vice President, and President, in relation to Oyster Bay", Mr. Cheney tells many interesting anecdotes of the Great American that serve to show us the image of a soul that once walked and talked with men.

All admirers of the late Col. Roosevelt will feel that they know him better and admire him more after reading this book, for it portrays him in his working togs, so to speak, a man among men.

Very respectfully,

Thos. H. Hammond

To Mr. Albert Loren Cheney,
Washington, D.C.

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22 THE EVENING STAR.

WRITES PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF ROOSEVELT'S HOME LIFE

Albert L. Cheney, Author, Will Devote
Share of Proceeds to Roosevelt Memo-
rials in Washington and Oyster Bay.

Anecdotes of Theodore Roosevelt as a soldier, governor, Vice President and President are contained in "Personal Memoirs of the Home Life of the Late Theodore Roosevelt," written and published by Albert L. Cheney, chief clerk of the board of personal tax ap- praisers.

A share of the net proceeds received from the sale of the book will be con- tributed to the fund for the establish- ment of the proposed Roosevelt Me- morial Park at Oyster Bay. It is an- nounced. The Roosevelt Memorial As- sociation is conducting a campaign for \$5,000,000 this week, the plans in- cluding a monument in the National Capital and the memorial park at Oyster Bay.

The author, from close association with Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, recalls many anecdotes of the man. One story is as follows:

Bread and Milk for Dinner.

President Roosevelt, after a brother- hood meeting at St. Paul's M. Church at Oyster Bay, requested the privilege of accompanying the Rev. Warren, who was to preach the sermon next week. Mr. Cheney, who was with him, was asked to accompany him. Mr. Cheney, who was with him, was asked to accompany him.

Maj. Stoffer was looking straight at Col. Roosevelt, who was ill with intense interest. The colonel had just finished the razor. "Instantly the colonel sprang forward and gave such a whiff of light that it convulsed one in the central part of the banquet room with its light.

FULL-BLOOD ARE BEC

Present
Dead

(From James Duffie formerly Master of the Home Life of the late Theodore Roosevelt, which President Roosevelt was a member.)

Dear Brother Cheney:—I received your book entitled "Personal Memoirs of the Home Life of the late Theodore Roosevelt," and have just finished reading it. It is a most interesting and full of interest. The incidents which I have just finished reading are so full of interest and greatest of all, you have covered our country in a most extraordinary amount of ground in a comparatively few words and it is certainly enjoyed it.

Yours cordially and fraternally,
JAMES DUFFIE

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

THE OYSTER BAY PILOT

Personal Memoirs of Theodore Roosevelt

In a new book entitled "Personal Memoirs of the life of the late Theodore Roosevelt in Relation to Oyster Bay," written by Albert Loren Cheney, formerly Editor of the "Oyster Bay Pilot," and an old personal friend and near neighbor of Col. Roosevelt, is shown a picture of the man whom Roosevelt acknowledged as his "boss". The compiler of the book is the father of Mrs. Ralph Stuart Clinton, who as Miss Any B. Cheney, was secretary to Colonel Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill, and author of the story entitled, "As a Girl I Saw Theodore Roosevelt." The book is filled with stirring Roosevelt incidents and liberally illustrated with pictures of Oyster Bay and the men associated with President Roosevelt, including a picture of the grave of Mr. Roosevelt. It is a most complete and readable work. In it are included the life of the late President and his associates, and a full and complete history of the Oyster Bay, with a frontispiece portrait of Lieut.-Col. Theodore Roosevelt, the Rough Rider; also an approved picture of Lieut.-Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., taken from a portrait painted while he was in France. The author anticipates that a share of the net proceeds of the book will be contributed for the establishment of a Memorial to the late President.

THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

Roosevelt's Neighbor Writes of the Colonel

A recent and very valuable contribution to the literature which will have for its central figure the President who "made Americanism famous," is a book of "Personal Memoirs of the Home Life of the Late Theodore Roosevelt," by Albert Loren Cheney, formerly editor of the Oyster Bay Pilot, at present chief clerk of the Board of Personal Tax Appraisers of the District of Columbia.

Mr. Cheney had the rare privilege of being neighbor and close friend of America's "sagacious" president, and has given many touches of local color and glimpses into the harmonious family life of the Roosevelts at Sagamore Hill, which go to make the book unusually readable and interesting.

A LINE O' CHEER
EACH DAY O' THE YEAR
By John Kendrick Bangs

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

WASHINGTON TIMES. T

D. C. MAN WRITES MEMOIRS OF T. R.

Albert L. Cheney, chief clerk of the board of personal tax appraisers' office of the District and former editor of the Pilot, a newspaper of Oyster Bay, N. Y., has written a book on the "Personal Memoirs of the Home Life of the Late Theodore Roosevelt."

Mr. Cheney first made the acquaintance of Colonel Roosevelt during the Spanish-American war, and since that time has had every opportunity to study the home life of the former President.

The book gives anecdotes of Roosevelt as soldier, governor, Vice President and President. Part of the proceeds received from the return of the sale of the book will be donated to the fund for the establishment of the proposed Roosevelt Memorial Park at Oyster Bay, N. Y., the former home of Roosevelt.

Mr. Cheney tells in his book of personal contact with Mr. Roosevelt, and recites incidents of human interest which occurred at Oyster Bay and elsewhere.

All through the book Mr. Cheney tells of the wonderful personality of Roosevelt. He tells of many incidents of how he won friendship after only several minutes' association with persons.

The book also contains quotations from speeches by prominent Americans and tributes of local newspapers to Colonel Roosevelt at the time of his death.

The News and Graphic

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JOHN RODEMEYER, Editor

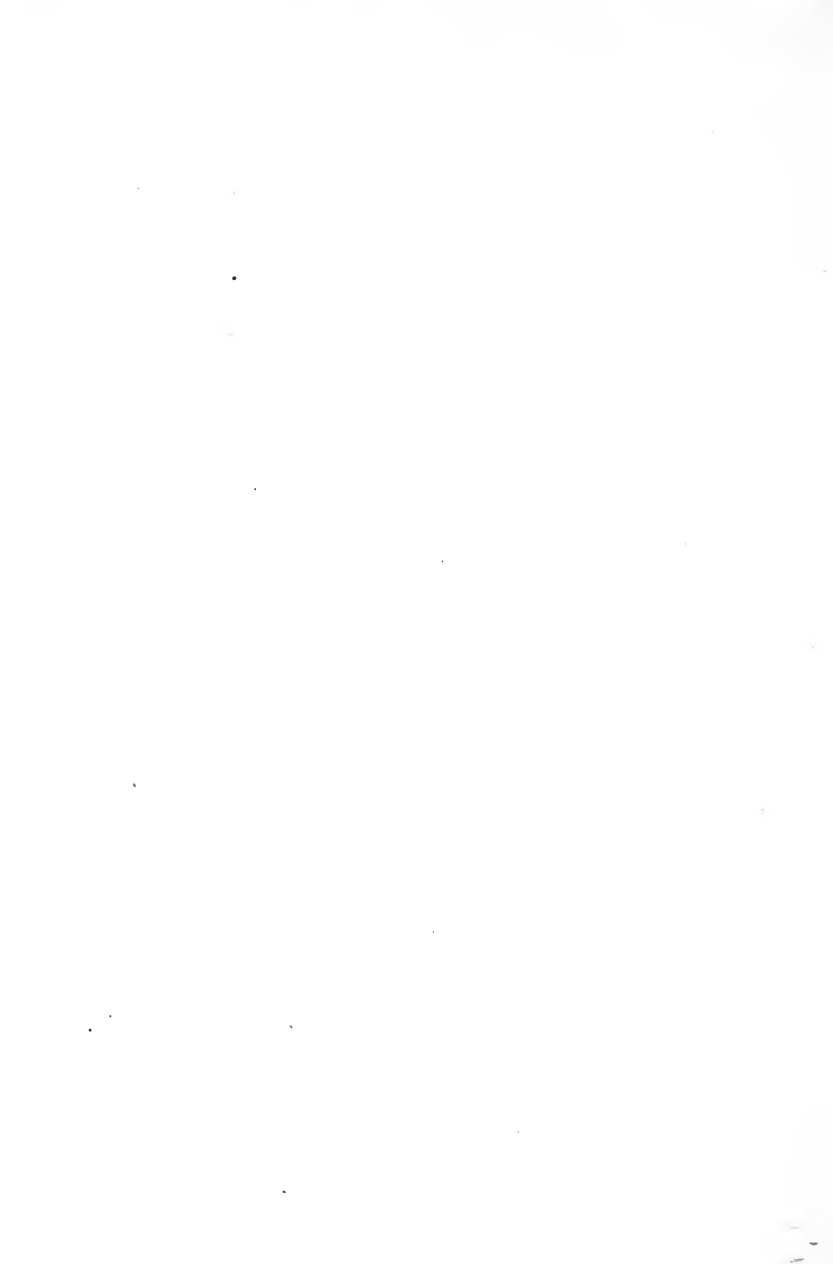
Mr. Cheney a number of years ago was a Bridgeport, Conn., newspaper man, editor of the Bridgeport Eagle, and subsequently became publisher of the Oyster Bay, (L. I.) Pilot, where, as a close personal friend of the late President, he enjoyed peculiar advantages of intimate relations with his subject, that enable him to make his book a veritable mirror of Roosevelt's home and community life, which he pictures with fidelity, and charm, giving glimpses of the statesman "out of school," that are absent from the more stately biographies and formal "appreciations." The book makes no pretension to being a biography or coherent record of any part of Roosevelt's career. It is a fragmentary compilation of incidents and impressions, humorous, pathetic and ever characteristic, and of intense human interest, acquired during an intercourse of many years under conditions that afforded exceptional opportunity for close observation by the trained journalist who enjoyed the confidence and regard of Theodore Roosevelt to an exceptional degree. The author announces that a share of the net proceeds of his work is to be donated to the Roosevelt Memorial fund. The price is \$2 and the book deserves a wide distribution.

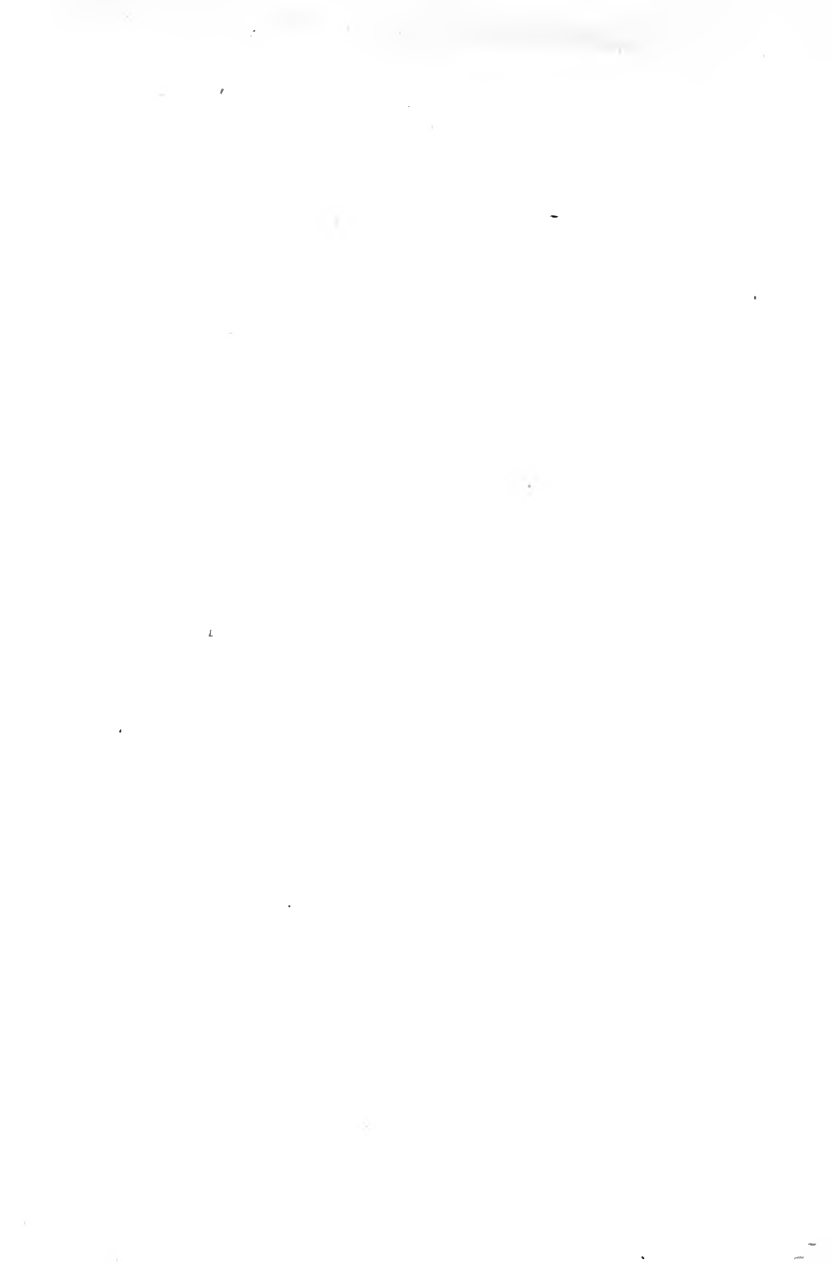
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